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THE CZAR.



# THE CZAR

## IVAN VASSILIVITCH, THE TERRIBLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“MANUELLA, THE EXECUTIONER'S DAUGHTER, A STORY OF  
MADRID;” “ANTONIO FOSCARINI,” &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

\* Ich bin der Reichen Herr und König  
Meines and icken Erbs benüßig  
Hab von nyemyt nichts erbetn noch gekhaufft  
Via in namen Gottes ein Christ getaufft.

\* “Mauvais vers allemands composés à ce que l'on assure par lui  
même.” *Karamsin.*

VOL. III.

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(WITH PORTRAIT.)

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R U S S I A,

FROM THE DEATH OF IVAN IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“THE CZAR, IVAN VASSILIVITCH,” “MANUELLA, THE EXECUTIONER’S DAUGHTER,” “ANTONIO FOSCARINI,” &c.

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J. Cunningham, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street.

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# THE CZAR.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ Il prétendait enfin avoir un esprit profondément politique, en détruisant par système, à des époques déterminées et avec une sorte de froid calcul, les familles les plus illustres, sous le vain prétexte qu’elles étaient dangereuses pour le pouvoir souverain ; en élevant à leur place des familles nouvelles et obscures ; en portant sa main exterminatrice jusque sur le temps à venir.”—KARAMSIN.

IF the suspicion of Ivan was well founded, —if, indeed, his first and beloved wife, whose virtues were so pre-eminent that her name was canonized and enrolled amongst the saints of the Russian church,—was really poisoned, some incentive to his atrocities is explained. But if those insidious ministers of his throne

who breathed in his ear, for party purposes, that she had been thus sacrificed, triumphed for a day ; yet did they discover, when too late, that they had roused an ungovernable fiend, and fell, in their turn, victims to that spirit of vengeance which they themselves had conjured up to abet their own evil designs. The Tcherkessian princess, his second wife, whose sinister propensities fanned the revengeful disposition of the Czar, died unloved and unregretted ; but now he circulated the report himself that she had been poisoned by his enemies for private purposes, and he made it a convenient plea for butchery.

The dangerous pleasures of inconstancy had sapped the last remains of virtue. In that abominable retreat—the fortress of the slobode—licentiousness revelled to excess—to surfeiting. The ties of nature were trampled upon ; it was the den of a beast ; and the ogre only rushed from his retreat to fall unexpectedly



on his prey: innocence and loveliness could not escape.

The fickle appetite of Ivan became weary even of the banquets of the slobode. He had also his fits of fancied religion; even aped morality; and in one of these whims announced to Russia that he would again enter the holy bonds of marriage, and, as we have seen, the chosen victim was Marfa Sabakin.

But who can doubt the power of retributive justice? It pursues us to the far ends of the earth; snatches from us our guilty joys even when we deem them secure—within our grasp, and we awake from our lethargy of sin, to find we are but dust and ashes in the hands of the Avenger. Thus the fairest rose which he had gathered, the prize of the land, in its scarce opening bud of beauty, he had clasped to his heart; and the lovely flower, nipped by the blast of death, folded its fading leaves over the adder that had crept to its core, and already

drooped its fair head. The dying bride of Ivan was bearing to the tomb the last earthly hope of the Czar.

The monarch was conning over the secret charges which had been collected through the instrumentality of Theodore Basmanoff against the metropolitan. A thing in human shape had been found to traduce, for gold, the holy man, and the hour of Philip was come. Well knew the monarch that the Jew's foul aspersion would obtain no credence from the multitude, and though rankling in his own breast, it cost him a struggle to give it belief. But he had long entertained enough of hate for the patriarch to seek to destroy him, and the plausible means were now, for the first time, in his possession. Alexis Basmanoff was empowered to degrade the prelate in the presence of his congregation, and then to incarcerate him for life.

A solemn stillness reigned in the palace when

Maluta Skuratoff presented himself before the Czar. He received from his majesty's hands the wonted list for the executions of the day. It consisted of the names of the relatives of his former wives, who were supposed to have an interest in the demise of Marfa, before her own kinsfolk could claim the booty of the executioner. The instructions were to be prompt, and to show no mercy.

Maluta took charge of the document, and then solicited a hearing of his majesty. The Czar, whose grief seemed for the moment to be somewhat allayed by this dispatch of business, allowed his favourite to address him.

“Thy unworthy slave has tidings of import:—a clue exists by which we may discover the assassin of the Czarina.”

“My only friend,” kindly interposed his master. “Thou art faithful,” continued the Czar, laying his hand upon his shoulder, “for

thou hast no friend to share thy thoughts or duties. The world hates thee, but we love thee, nor fear we treachery at thy hands. Speak!"

"It has strangely come to pass, most mighty Sovereign, that the lady whom, but yesterday, in thy bounty, thou didst bestow upon thy slave in marriage the reputed daughter of the Boyar Basmanoff, turns out to be the offspring of a common boor."

"What then? Have *we* not wived the child of a trafficker, lovelier far than the fairest princess of the land?"

"I repine not at the discovery, omnipotent master, but rather rejoice, since, by some yet unravelled mystery, enough has transpired to awake suspicions of the fell enemy to thy happiness. Beseech your majesty, the lawful mother of my wife has raised the surmise that the foe to thy peace is under this very roof.

She prays to be brought into the presence of thy royal bride, of the merchant Sabakin, and the Boyarinia Basmanoff."

"We love thee, good Maluta. Be it as thou sayest, though first see to the business of the list. We shall be busy, Maluta, busy; there's not a moment of that precious life, now fleeting fast for ever, but seals the death-warrant of an enemy. The fiend shall not escape me, though Russia become one vast desert. A very feast, Maluta, have I in store for thee. The bier that supports the corpse of my murdered bride, shall be borne from the palace to the vault over the bodies of Russia's best nobility! . . . . .

"Short-sighted fools! to sport with the life of their empress. But we will have our sport, too, good Maluta, and right royal sport shall it be. We have toys and pastimes good, have we not? See to it, and spread the baubles in the market-place of the Kitaigorod—what sayest

thou? Some dozen scaffolds, eh? and see the boiler be suspended, and stir well the faggots. Ha! ha! ha!"

Maluta echoed the horrid laugh.

"What thinkest, good Maluta? 'twill be a merry funeral. We make thee chief of the ceremony—Marfa's executor, poor thing! they are impatient for her spoils—we must humour them, Maluta. But away, thou hast work! and I—must go pray for my wife." And the monarch directed his steps to the chamber of the dying bride.

Maluta Skuratoff found time, before he dispatched his duties, to return home, and announce the success of his mission to the females who had solicited access to the palace.

Our former acquaintance, Youry, for such it was, now in the garb of her own sex, and recognised as the mother of Katinka, had not been idle in relating her adventures to her child. A deep hatred of the family of Basma-

noff was shared by mother and daughter. By the former, for the long bereavement of her child; by the latter, for the heartless conduct of the Boyarinia, and her dismissal from hearth and kin in so summary a manner. It may well be conceived, that the Lady Basmanoff received little mercy from them, as they scanned her conduct in every particular, magnifying her sins under the influence of malice. At this period of affairs, Youry heard, for the first time, the name of Sabakin coupled with that of the new Czarina—the origin of Marfa being so obscure, her election had been bruited generally as “the beauty of Novogorod;” but the mother of Katinka started, when the name first met her ear. A train of thoughts succeeded, the result of which was an application to her son-in-law, to obtain admission to the presence of the royal bride.

That morning, however, it was reported, the young Czarina was dangerously ill; and

mysterious whispers were spread by some, that she was bewitched, and expiring under the baneful operation of sorcery; by others, that she was poisoned; whilst all concurred in the belief, that she was past recovery.

A strange concatenation of ideas presented itself to the women. Katinka recalled to mind the excitement of the Boyarina, when Marfa Sabakin was proclaimed the Czar's elected bride; her dark and mysterious hints, the sovereign's early widowhood—and now, in her hatred for the haughty woman, whose every feeling had been sacrificed at the shrine of ambition, she fashioned those half-intelligible words into meaning of fearful import; and the result was a confidential communication to Maluta Skuratoff, in order to interest him in obtaining for his wife's mother access to the palace. This information was, moreover, of the highest importance to himself, as he perceived at once that the hour had arrived



to work the fall of the long-detested and haughty house of Basmanoff.

Maluta having acquainted his wife and her mother with the Czar's gracious accordance of their request, mounted horse, and, followed by a troop of his blood-hunters, completed, in masterly style, the executions of the day, to the full satisfaction of Ivan Vassilivitch, his imperial master.

## CHAPTER II.

“Basta dir, ch’ io son amante,  
Per saper, che ho gia nel petto  
Questo barbaro sospetto;  
Che avvelena ogni piacer;  
Che ha cent ’occhi, e pur travede:  
Che il mal fiuge, il ben non crede;  
Che dipinge nel sembiante  
I delirj del pensier.”

“In her eye there hath appear’d a fire,  
To burn the error that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth.”

THE Czarina was conscious of her approaching  
eath: and its certainty had the effect of in-  
vigorating her faculties, even of enlivening her.  
Life seemed to have now no charm left to counter-  
balance its sorrows. The shortened span of her  
existence had embraced many blessings, whilst

the close was brightened with anticipations of happiness. The devotion and love of her fellow-creatures had accompanied her through infancy—the hand of her sovereign would close her eyes in death; yet there was a void—an undefined longing for a destiny, dimly seen in perspective, to which she had been denied.

Her pure spirit turned with a lingering fondness to the few beings in whom all her worldly joys were centred, ere she had ascended a throne; and from out that little circle her memory fondly clung to the English maiden, the counterpart of her spotless mind, the friend after her own heart, though but the friend of a day.

To desire was to give law to the household of the Czar, and a conveyance, with a numerous escort, to bring Grace Wilmington to the palace, followed speedily the messenger sent to prepare her for the honour that awaited her.

Grace mourned in her soul for the dying Czarina, and prepared to obey the summons. But her father was by no means happy that any fresh cause should give occasion for the repetition of her former visit to the empress. Sir Thomas Randolph entered as the order from the palace was received, who, on witnessing the distress visible on the countenance of Wilmington, anxiously, and with the freedom of an old friend, urged him to unburthen his mind. Master Walter, in his apprehension of his daughter's risk, was tempted at length to disclose the cause of his uneasiness, and to reveal to Sir Thomas the purport of the late visit of the officer of the Opritchnina, Theodore Basmanoff.

It required all the self-command of the ambassador to conceal from his countryman his own feelings, which were acutely sensible of the danger of Grace. Assuming an outward tranquillity of mind, conscious at the same time

that evasion from the commands of the Czar was impracticable, he endeavoured to allay the fears of the physician, and having partially succeeded, he furthermore suggested the propriety of acquainting Grace with the overtures of the Czarevitch previous to her departure for the palace; contending that, though it would dispel in some degree the innocent charm of her young mind, it would place her on her guard for the future; and her own caution, combined with theirs, would serve more surely for her protection. The suggestion of Sir Thomas was approved by the parent, who immediately retired to communicate with his daughter, whilst the ambassador returned to his hotel, with one thought, one terror, absorbing every other in his breast, the peril of that lovely being, for whose safety he now felt that life itself would be a willing sacrifice.

And now another thought of danger came to his feverish mind. Were it possible

that the proposition of the depraved prince could be listened to? Could ambition surmount, in the unsophisticated mind of Grace, the pure principles imbibed in youth? Could she lend an ear to the seducing prospect of a crown, and forget the substantial joys that awaited her in a more humble union? Impossible. Yet such were the agonizing reflections which incessantly tormented him.

Dr. Wilmington had seated himself near to Grace, and his conversation, as he regarded her with all a father's affection, reverted to her mother's last request.

“She said, almost with her last breath,” continued the doctor, that “she wished her child should eschew the paths of ambition and wealth—that moderate in her desires, her virtue alone might fix the lover of her own rank—that her inclinations might not be thwarted in that choice which is for life.”

“Methinks, if she had lived, I should have

loved her as yourself, and yet not have lessened my grateful affection for my indulgent father.”

“Thou art young, my child, and knowest not the power of other affections. There is a love, which, paramount to every other, invades the heart. If true and loyal, it sanctifies and ennobles—if false and base, it turns to poison every joy.

“Hear me, my child. What shouldst thou think of one, a mighty prince, whose power is secondary only in this great realm, who, to gratify his passions, would trample on the laws of Heaven and man; who, before the altar of the living God, has sworn, but a few days by-gone, to honour, protect, and love his new-made wife, and even now would send her to a convent, that he might wed another?”

“If such a one exists, assuredly he was forsworn, when he vowed love,” said Grace.

“What if this prince, forsworn, as thou hast said, yet heir to a mighty throne, did woo thee, and to prove his love to thee, did offer to divorce his bride, to make thee heiress of his kingdom in her stead?”

“Nay, father, ’twere to be the heiress of a shadow—the possessor of short-lived greatness, and of early widowhood.”

“But to be raised from a plebeian rank—to sort with princes—to have a court, maybe a son, whose birthright were a crown.”

“Would offended Heaven bless that union?”

“I will be more explicit with thee,” said the doctor, drawing nearer to Grace. “The Czarevitch did, as thou mayest know, some few days since, espouse a wife in third nuptials, his former wives, whom he had forced to take the veil, still living. But yesterday, his wanton gaze encountered a young and lovely girl, and



straight forgetful of his new-made vows, offers to divorce this wife, if she consent to wed him."

"O! lives there, father, one would give consent?" inquired Grace, with that virtuous simplicity so characteristic of her disposition.

"Thou art young, my child, in the knowledge of the world. 'Tis pity thou shouldst live to learn its wisdom. But soon or late the veil which hides it from thee must be rent; there is much villany to guard against. Learn, my daughter, the Czarevitch has made overtures for thy hand. What answer shall I give the prince?"

Grace was seated at her father's feet, her arms resting on his knees, and gazing upwards to him, in all the usual calmness of their interviews. The prelude of the conversation had not awakened any apprehension that she was at all personally concerned in the matter; and thus taken by surprise, her countenance was

for a few moments blank, as her comprehension was labouring to believe her father's words. But, as the certainty of the veracity of the only being in whom she had learnt to confide flashed on her mind, her whole person trembled, and she turned very pale.

Her emotion did not escape the doctor's observation, as he placed his arm around her, and caressed her cheek. At length she tremulously spoke.

"Would *you*, my dear father, see me wed? would *you* have me love the prince?"

"I have no voice but for my child's happiness."

"And would you not counsel your poor child?"

"Aye, surely, my beloved!—and I would say, shun this ill-assorted offer. Better to be the honoured wife of a plebeian, than the wretched consort of an unworthy prince."

Starting up, the lovely daughter of Walter Wilmington threw her arms round her parent's neck, and wept for joy as she kissed his forehead again and again.

A crowd of various feelings had succeeded each other rapidly in Grace's breast. Perhaps the dreaded Czar—perhaps their safety, might have operated with her father to support the proposition of the Czarevitch. But a strong yet indefinite feeling arose from the earliest germ of preference which had sealed her young heart's election, had magnified the danger, and for a moment her life seemed to hang upon the first words of her parent. Now her grateful bosom heaved with gratitude for a life that seemed to owe a double debt to her venerable father.

At this moment the trampling of horses' hoofs, and the noise of carriage wheels at the door, warned them that the escort was waiting.

Wilmington and his daughter entered the vehicle, and were quickly conveyed to the palace of the Czar.

## CHAPTER III.

Bomelius.—“ He had lived in pomp, and been author of much mischief; had conveyed much treasure out of the country.”—HORSEY’S OBSERVATIONS.

“ Le banquet nuptial fut terminé par des funérailles ! Marfa expira — peut-être victime de la méchanceté des hommes, peut-être aussi cause infortunée de la perte de tant d’innocens.”—KARAMSIN.

THE ready caterer for the Czarevitch had duly apprised that prince that the English physician and his daughter were again summoned to the palace, and on the passage of Grace Wilmington through the ante-chamber of the Czarina, she found him stationed there with the young Basmanoff.

She no longer met with indifference the audacious stare of the licentious son of the Czar, but drew her veil more closely round her. She now knew her danger, for lawless was the land, and powerless the subject; she would have avoided the encounter of the privileged ruffian, for confidence was gone. Crime had no barrier, innocence no protection. The presumption of the Czarevitch was somewhat restrained by the proximity of the dying empress, and the surrounding gloom of mourning; still more so by the reflection that the protecting hand of his father's bride was waxing cold and powerless, whence he gladly foresaw that the English girl would soon be at his mercy. These formed the only impediment to his passion, and to these Grace owed, in a measure, her uninterrupted access to the apartment of the empress.

With what saddened feelings did the lovely girl enter the presence of the dying bride of

Ivan. Since her last interview, the fatal effects of the assassin's deed were awfully manifest; and as she summoned to her aid her best courage, to behold again those altered but once beautiful features, that had so wonderfully won her admiration and love, she silently invoked Heaven for mercy on the gentle sufferer, now hurrying to an untimely grave.

The envenomed drug, that circulated in the veins of the Czarina, like the treacherous hand that administered it, was not apparent to the world. Its insidious course had steered clear of the tell-tale surface, and her transparent skin still wore a healthy, though pallid hue. But her flesh had frightfully wasted away, and the small hand, extended for the homage of Grace, was greatly attenuated.

Every thing around her spoke of death; the Jew looked on with his never-ceasing smile, like the fixed grin of a mask, admitting, through its empty sockets, the fires of an

inward hell. The high-born matron, chief of the household of the empress, restless, yet stationary, her eye cognisant of every movement, watching the dying, yet following the living, stood there, ever ready, shorn of her figure's roundness—a moving spectre!

All was death-like but the heaven-born maiden, now on the verge of the tomb. A smile of love and pleasure, as Grace kissed that extended hand, played on her faded cheek, like that of a blooming infant on its parent's grave, unconscious of its bereavement.

There was a partnership of soul between the English maiden and the Russian bride, which, in their pure thoughts, disarmed the sepulchre of its terrors, for each felt that the other was made for Heaven, and they hoped to meet again.

“My sweet friend,” gently spoke the Czarina, as Grace bowed her head to catch



the faintly spoken words of the expiring girl, "thou art beautiful, and oh! how gentle—they tell me I was so; the eye of greatness rested on me, and I withered from that hour—yet did my sovereign love me. Had Heaven, in its mercy, spared me for my country's repose,—could I have lived a short space, to dry the tears of the oppressed, to stem the torrent of blood, to deserve the love of my subjects, to instil into the breast of the Czar the love of justice and mercy;—oh! then had I not been elevated to the throne in vain, and future generations would bless my name. My children! does not all Russia acknowledge me their mother? should have felt a mother's care. But vain the new-born feelings of my heart!—it may not be—God hath given and he hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Exhausted with the effort of speaking, she paused.

“Friend of my heart,” replied Grace, “be thou content—Heaven, in its wisdom, hath so ordained it, and though to mortal eyes, Russia shall lose in thee her brightest ornament, the star whose gentle light and benign influence should conduct her to happiness, yet will the savour of thy virtues remain around thy Czar, and impel him to deeds worthy a great sovereign; and shall not the emanation of thy universal love raise a worthy successor to thy greatness? A hero——”

“A hero has arisen, my beloved Grace. Bring hither thine ear,” and her cheek almost touched the lips of her dying friend. “He comes for Russia’s regeneration. I have seen him, the wise, the prompt, the bold! In one hand, the diadem of the barbarian foreigner; in the other, the sword of victory. My heart would fain aid him in the glorious work. In vain my wishes. Oh! God, thy will, not mine, be done.”

They parted for life, in sadness, but not in despair, like those travellers, whose goal is the same, yet whose burthen impedes some, while others push on with the elastic step of youth, and are but the avant-couriers of their companions. Marfa looked with angelic benignity on her friend; she bade her farewell for a season, and Grace, in tears, slowly left the palace.

The Czar entered the apartment of his bride as the English girl left it, but not unmindful of her as she past; he turned a momentary thought upon her even in the midst of his grief.

But now, maddened by the conviction that an unerring blow had been struck at his happiness, a sudden change had come over him. His eye sparkled as formerly, his step had recovered some of its past firmness, his countenance its wonted appearance. Yet his bride was irrecoverably lost — perishing beneath

his eye. Had he ceased to love the resigned victim of treachery? No—but he had commenced her revenge, and he now snatched a moment from the slaughter of his slaves, to refresh his heart with the sight of her whose wrong had goaded him to massacre.

It was agony to see the loveliest of the human race torn from life—from his arms, by traitors. A demon loved the dying maid—and a demon avenged her. Anon, he turned to depart, impatient for the extermination of his foes, when Sabakin, our good merchant of Novogorod, accompanied by a female of the plebeian order, was announced, and Ivan remembered the important communication of Maluta Skuratoff. Ordering the latter to be summoned to his presence with the party announced, he resumed his seat by the couch of his bride.

When they entered the presence, it seemed as if the Boyarinia Basmanoff had awakened

from a long lethargy, for her glance was so intently fixed upon the female who entered, that all its latent fire was gathered in one steadfast look upon her features. It was Youry. Her memory, in its activity, traced back long years of eventful times, to which those features were assimilated, and in which the possessor of them had borne a conspicuous part.

Meanwhile, the usual prostrations at the feet of the Czar were gone through, and the strangers awaited the sufferance of his majesty to enter upon the subject of their mission. Vassili Sabakin availed himself of that permission, to approach his long adopted child, his beloved Marfa. He bent over her, he inhaled her breath, as if he would snatch away the enemy of her existence, or imbibe it, that he might share the fate of her who for years had thrown a heavenly light over his path; his inexpressible grief overwhelmed

him, and he was only recalled to himself by the voice of the Czar.

“Speak, woman! here, in presence of thy Czarina; and let thy story have the stamp of truth, or, by the love I bear this drooping flower, thy life shall make amends for every moment thou dost delay my revenge.”

“Most gracious sovereign! ready is thy slave, and true her story. The Lady Basmanoff must stand before thee, for my narration doth pertain to her.”

A commanding motion of the hand of Ivan brought the Boyarinia full before them.

“Look in my face, proud lady! Dost thou not remember me? I mean not as when I came to thee a hireling slave, clad in male attire, but such as now I seem, a woman, and a mother?”

The undefined recollections of the Boyarinia now took a more tangible shape, and her countenance became at once intelligent.

“I will aid thy memory, lady; ’tis now sixteen years ago—the Boyar, thy husband, was Voyvode of Novogorod. I became a mother the day thou gavest birth to twins; and I received, as nurse, the charge of one of the twain, thy infant daughter——”

“Remembrance serves me now. Thou sayest truly, and I recall thy features,” observed the Boyarinia, with trepidation.

“Hideous disease,” continued the nurse, “displayed itself in thy infant, and to save my own from infectious contact, I brought thy child back to thee. Thou didst disown it, for it was a loathsome spectacle, and it seemed marked for death. In thy power over my humble lot, thou didst enforce an unjust claim to mine offspring, and didst outrage nature by exchanging thine——”

“Save your majesty! to this the Boyarinia has since confessed,” interrupted Maluta, “for when it pleased my mighty lord to bestow her

supposed daughter upon his unworthy servant, did she publicly disown her, not relishing the alliance with me."

"Methinks, proud lady!" sarcastically observed the Czar, "that, had we made thy daughter our empress, thou hadst not so readily confessed the subterfuge."

The Boyarinia sank at the feet of his majesty, imploring forgiveness.

A faint, soft voice reached the ear of Ivan, beseeching the mercy of the autocrat towards the suppliant.

"Thou hast thy prayer," was the response of the Czar to the prostrate lady; "but know, by Russia's law, the adopted child hath a legal claim with the lawfully begotten; so we pronounce, that thou do share thy son's inheritance with Maluta's bride. We will not have our honest subjects wronged. And see to it, Maluta! A fair division with thee of the Basmanoff estate."



“Your gracious mercy, Czar, let me implore again!” hurriedly interposed the Boyarina, as this summary distribution of her wealth roused her fears. “Beseech your majesty! the changeling may still live, and by your majesty’s decision, the division of the estate would in that case appertain to three, unless my deserted child were wronged. Good woman, say, did my afflicted offspring survive that horrible disease?”

“She did! she lives!”

“O speak! where? A life of penance shall atone for all: wealth shall pour its gifts upon thee!” said the agitated lady, as Bomelius opportunely came to her support.

“I was poor. The labour of my hands was my only support. Thy daughter’s suffering needed ceaseless care. I heard that there were charitable souls, and found one who released me from the charge, adopted thy discarded child,

who, in that fearful disease, seemed to have paid the penalty of all future bodily affliction, for she grew in grace and beauty, rare to see."

The eagerness with which the Boyarinia listened to the last passage was almost painful to behold. Exhausted with her vigils, she was scarcely able to support herself, and the Jew sustained her in his arms.

"I heard no more of her, for her benefactor left Novogorod to inhabit a distant province, till some days since, when in consequence of the proclamation of the emperor of his intended election, the name of Sabakin first reached my ear. I sought out the benefactor of former years. Behold him here! The protector of thy daughter, Marfa Sabakin, now empress of all the Russias!"

A sudden silence succeeded these words; not a breath was heard. But the death-stricken

bride of Russia's Czar had raised herself with almost superhuman effort, and fixed her eyes, whence shone a beam of celestial light upon the Boyarinia. The Czar had risen from his seat; Sabakin,—the nurse,—were motionless; even Maluta was rivetted to the spot.

The Boyarinia had closed her eyes as the last words of the nurse were uttered, but her features were drawn, her lips compressed, as if the stroke of death had converted them to endless fixedness.

It lasted, however, but a short space. The mind had been stunned, and now burst forth the ungovernable tide of anguish and despair.

Bomelius supported her, and made an effort to release himself, but in the sudden convulsion of her frame her fingers had gyved him with the iron force of a warrior's gauntlet.

She has opened her eyes, and that trembling wretch shrinks beneath her terrible glance.

With a maniac's strength she has seized his throat. In her convulsive and concentrated power, the Jew was lifted off his feet and dashed to the ground, half dead with fear and strangulation.

“ I gave the drug—but that villain prepared it for her !” said the Boyarina, still fixing her horror-stricken gaze upon the Jew.

“ Gave—prepared—what ?” cried the Czar, in a voice of thunder, as he sprang forward .

“ The poison !” continued the Boyarina, in the same even tone of voice, still gazing on the prostrate form of Bomelius.

A shrill protracted scream was heard, faintly dying away, which penetrated into the souls of the witnesses of that scene, and which long rang in the memory of those who survived. It was the herald of a departing spirit frightened from that abode of guilt. The throne of Russia's Czarina was again vacant—the dis-

consolate heart of Ivan was widowed for ever: for Marfa, the gentle, the beautiful, the redeeming spirit of a crime-stained court was no more!

## CHAPTER IV.

“Au moment ou Philippe, revêtu de ses habits sacerdotaux, disait la messe dans le temple de l'Assomption, on voit paraître le Boyard Basmanoff, tenant un papier à la main accompagné d'une troupe d'Opritchniks armés—

“Il conjura pour la dernière fois le tzar d'avoir pitié de la Russie. Le prince, au lieu de lui répondre, fait un signe à ses soldats, qui se saisissent de Philippe, l'entraînent et le jettent dans un cachot chargé de fers.”—KARAMSIN.

WHILST the events we have just related were passing in the palace, the congregated flock of the metropolitan were receiving from the lips of their pastor the word of hope and promise, in the temple of the Assumption. Mourning was in their hearts for the dying bride of Ivan.

They had suffered themselves to look forward to a brighter day ; for the virtues of Marfa had been echoed through the land, as the voice of their redemption from destruction. The tidings of her fading life were death to their hopes, whilst the avenger was abroad again, making desolate their hapless city. The patriarch was himself subdued : he had exhausted prayer for his unhappy country, in his ceaseless vigils. But a few days past, his hopes had revived. He had proclaimed to Russia a saving angel, in the gentle being now hastening to decay. His last hope rested on the influence of her loveliness and virtue ; the wasting pulse of life destroyed that hope, and despair alone remained. The man of God saw no mortal means of safety, and looked forward to the ordinations of an all-wise, unerring Providence ; and to the last he held out the promise, the cheering ray of salvation. The wretched Muscovites clung to him in their sorrow ; they

crowded the cathedral; night and day he bestowed his benediction, and the multitude returned it by invoking blessings upon his head. As if they felt some secret dread that he was singled out for destruction, they assembled around him to share his last moments, to hear his last words.

The metropolitan was arrayed in his pontifical robe, the white mitre was on his venerable head; the golden image of the holy gate, the insignia of his ecclesiastical rank, was suspended to his breast, the pastoral crook was in his hand: he had arrayed himself for death in his earthly honours.

The tramp of horses was heard. A presentiment of evil came with the sound, as it increased upon the ears of the people. The terrified congregation looked upon each other, then upon the patriarch. In him they beheld the calm of resignation, as he pronounced the words—"Behold! my hour is come."



The Basmanoffs appeared in the chancel. Armed to the teeth was the numerous escort of the Opritchnina. Alexis Basmanoff held the sealed warrant for the apprehension of Philip. Advancing to the centre of the *trapeza*, he ordered his son to read aloud the decree. "By command of the Czar and the clergy, Philip is degraded from the rank of high priest." At a signal, satellites invaded the sanctuary, seized the metropolitan, tore from his person the sacred badge of his office, and, casting over him a coarse cassock, he was driven from the cathedral with *brooms*, and led to the presence of the Czar. On his way, the multitude was in vain kept at bay by the escort: they pressed around, unmindful of the danger to life; they kissed his garments, they implored his last blessing; and the holy man imparted hope to his bereaved flock, as he pointed to heaven, and bade them direct

their prayers to a higher power than earth possessed.

The Czar watched from the Kremlin the arrival of the expected troop of the Opritchnina. At length, a vast multitude approached the Kremlin. A thousand voices, invoking blessings, struck upon his ear. They were bestowed upon his subject—and that subject was the hated Philip. Ivan gnashed his teeth, muttering curses.

From the first, the insinuation of the Jew had not influenced him, and his suspicious breast had acquitted the prelate of the execrable deed ; but it was the popularity of the holy man that galled him. He felt how much Philip merited the love of his fellow-men, whilst he himself deserved their execration. It was the virtues of the prelate that goaded him to hate, to destroy ; and now that he had trumped up a case of defamation, purchased from a perjured

wretch, he could forbid his slaves to mourn for him, to bless his memory.

In the presence of his mortal judge, the prelate appeared with that sublime, calm dignity, which is beyond the reach of the servile and the base. It placed him on a proud eminence; the accusers seemed the accused, the judges what they were, the delinquents. He deigned no reply to their false charges, even to the last; the weal of his fellow-men was the desire of his heart, and his last words were an exhortation to Ivan to spare his people. As he turned to his accuser, his judges, the Basmanoffs, and other minions of the Czar, they quailed beneath his eye, and the monarch, unable to speak, as the sentence of imprisonment for life was pronounced upon the metropolitan, gave the signal, and his satellites, seizing the prelate, loaded him with chains, and dragged him to the dungeons of the Kremlin.

The dangerous difficulty was now surmounted; and the hated prelate, doomed to the dungeon-cell, was so far a step nearer to eternity. The despot wished, yet trembled; "but the day would come," whilst he detested more than ever the slaves that had dared to love their faithful pastor.

With renovated fury he sprung to horse, followed by the dreaded shout of his exterminating legion, who galloped off in his suite, the ready instruments of slaughter.

But the people who bowed to his cruelties were not resigned to the loss of their venerable pastor. They surrounded the place of his confinement; night and day they watched, they prayed. Threats, executions, held them no longer in awe; and Ivan, the universal exterminator, dared not yet take the solitary life of Philip. His sanctity had a charm which he trembled to invade. In this dilemma, he

caused the prelate to be at once removed from the Kremlin to the distant monastery of Otrotch.

The successor of Philip was a being calculated to bend to the despot's will—to cloak his enormities, to screen his abominations. He was invested, in the usual form, with the badge of prelacy, the image of the golden gate, and the white mitre. But the congregation assembled to witness the imposing ceremony was very limited. Philip was in their memory, in their hearts; and a mournful silence was maintained when his successor ascended the chair of the chief of the church, at the moment when the felicitations of the people are heard, and answered by his blessing, and an invocation for the prosperity of the Czar concludes the ceremony.

At that instant, big with all the triumph and pomp of a wealthy church, a circumstance

occurred, which, from its important and direful results, demands a rigid scrutiny throughout; and we are compelled to retrace our steps to the hotel of the English embassy, and to the dwelling of Walter Wilmington.

## CHAPTER V.

“ On évitait sa rencontre comme celle d’une bête fauve dans la saison du rut.”—HIST. DE RUSSIE, &c.

“ She is put in the ground, alive, up to the neck, till she dies.”—CRULL’S MUSCOVY.

“ On lui avait noué autour de la tête, et du col, un linge blanc—

“ Elle était gardée par trois ou quatre soldats, qui avaient ordre de ne lui laisser rien donner, à boire ni à manger, qui put lui prolonger la vie.”—OLEARIUS.

**Bomelius Rosted.**—“ Being racked, his backe and body cut with wyre whips, he confessed more than the examiners were willing the Emperour should know.”—HORSEY’S OBSERVATIONS.

THE news of the death of the Empress of all the Russias was officially announced. The boom of the mighty bell of Ivan Veliki, in solemn and measured knell, proclaimed to all

Moscow the departure of the soul of the short-lived maiden-bride of Ivan.

None wept the young Czarina with more unfeigned regret than Grace Wilmington, for she, at least, bewailed the loss of Marfa, divested of her attributes of sovereignty; and to her was revealed the villany that had caused the death of the amiable and lovely being, whose virtues held forth a promise of peace, and even happiness, to her blighted country.

The city of Moscow contained another true heart, that treasured the image of that empress with more than a subject's love. He had awaited the progress of her malady, had haunted the vicinage of the palace day and night, for one cheering word of hope—in vain. The first rumour of Marfa's death reached him in the palace-yard. It was Koltzo.

The morning that succeeded the day of her demise, the Krasnoi Krittzo was thronged with



people, who, in procession, were ascending the steps which separated by a railing those who were descending, in equal order. The state chamber was open to the multitude. It was lighted with torches, day-light being excluded, and the apartment was hung with black drapery.

In the centre was raised a platform, breast-high; at each of the four corners, a pillar supported a lofty dais, or canopy, from which was suspended a festooned drapery of cloth of gold; and in each compartment was an escutcheon, bearing the arms of Ivan Vassilivitch, Czar, embossed in gold. Around the platform were three steps, which were ascended, one by one, by the weepers; upon that platform reposed the inanimate form of Marfa, Czarina of Russia. It was her motionless hand they came to kiss, as it lay upon a zibelline fur, equalling in its whiteness the unsunned snow of the vales of Sibir.

The crowd progressed in solemn order, to pay the last tribute of respect to the dead, making their entrance and exit at different doors; a guard of the Haiduks was stationed along the passages. Decorum and silence prevailed, which was only interrupted by the wail of the professional weepers, who were collected at the head of the bier. Smoking censers wafted an incessant fragrance around them.

Marfa was dressed for the grave, in the habit of the religious order of St. Basil. The Redeemer's cross lay in her hand, the smile of innocence reposed on her lips,—she looked like a sleeping flower on the bosom of night, which the first ray of light would recall to life.

The weepers for the dead, according to custom, poured forth their lamentations; but this time many truths were mingled in their lugubrious and wild chaunt.

Many a half-suppressed sigh was heard,

many a tear glistened in the eye, but their grief had no time for display; the throng poured in, and each successive visitor had but a momentary and hurried glimpse of the dead. Once there was a pause, and the thronging multitude were stopped. A warrior knelt beside the corpse—his lips were pressed with fervour on that lifeless hand. He heeded not the pressure of the crowd, nor the signals to pass on; his brain was busy with the recollections of the past—his heart was bankrupt; and Koltzo, the Cossacque, was borne from the bier of the virgin empress by the attendants. The air recalled his fleeting senses; but, heedless of surrounding objects, he passed on. Desolation was around—the scaffolds and their victims. He was now in the slaughter-house of the Czar—the place of execution.

A troop of horsemen galloped past him with wild and lawless shouts, headed by Ivan.

The Czar was mounted on a superb charger.

His kolpack, of the black wolf-skin, was bordered with lamine of gold, that waved with every breath, like the softest plumes. His purple robe, surcharged with gold embroidery, was fastened round his waist by a sash, or girdle, from which were suspended two long knives, and a dagger pointed at each end; at his back was hung an arm like the Cesto Virgiliano, and his right hand grasped an iron staff, upwards of a cube in length, surmounted by a knob wrought in gold: this was the hunting dress of Ivan.

Like shadows before the sun, the Muscovites disappeared at his approach; they fled before the huntsman like frightened deer. At the farther end of the square was a group, apparently awaiting his approach, and the troop dashed forward, laughing and shouting.

The point at which the Czar and his bloodhounds halted, was a newly-dug grave; the party surrounding it consisted of a body of the

Strelitz soldiers, evidently in attendance on the Boyarina Basmanoff, who, lacerated to the bone from the application of the knout, her body enveloped in a coarse white cloth, a bandage of the same bound round her head, stood awaiting in horror the completion of her sentence, which was to be buried to the chin in the newly-made grave, and there left to expire amidst the pangs of hunger and thirst, under the surveillance of a strict guard.

The Czar's arrival was the signal to seize her, and she was at once lowered into the pit, in a standing posture, whilst the grave-diggers shovelled in the earth and carefully packed it around her.

Gregoriovna thought not, at that awful moment, of him who stood to witness the execution of her sentence; her retributive reflections were in the past, and limited were the powers of human vengeance, compared with the curse

of her own conscience. What were the tortures of the body? a span in their duration—her fears were beyond the grave, and she trembled to die; even her protracted suffering was mercy, for she dared not think of an hereafter.

The avenger now turned to other work. In the centre of the square was kindled an enormous fire. To an iron beam was chained an object now scarcely to be recognised, so much was his outward semblance changed by the scorching heat; but the punishment was not to end with the day. It was Bomelius. The exulting shout of Ivan recalled him the assassin to himself. He opened his eyes, which had been closed from excruciating torture; they met the savage grin of his tormentor.

“Mercy, mercy!” exclaimed the Jew, “and I will reveal to thee secrets that shall save thy life. Traitors surround thee! the dagger of the

regicide is unsheathed! Save me, save me!  
and thy safety shall be the reward."

It was the only key to his heart—self-preservation—and Ivan ordered the torture to be suspended. A frightful outline of the human form was lowered from the stake, and the Czar approached the hideous object.

"Traitors are now in thy presence, O Czar! the instigators of the treason of Novogorod live—all but the guilty have perished, the Basmanoffs. Suffer me to regain strength, to recover breath to divulge, and thou shalt know all—I faint."

"Remove the wretch!" exclaimed the Czar; "the torture shall be deferred—we will know all; and then the faggots shall blaze again to light the unbeliever to his tomb."

The half-roasted Jew was conveyed back to prison.

Once more the Czar spurred his charger to

the grave of the Boyarinia. He paused to gaze upon the infanticide ; and with a smile of satisfaction on his countenance, he returned to the Kremlin to feast and to pray.



## CHAPTER VI.

“The monkey one day getting loose, got into a church that was near where the ambassador lived, and threw down some of the pictures which were placed on a shelf in the church, it being the Russian way not to hang up the pictures of saints, for they reckon that not honourable, but to place them on a shelf.”—PERRY’S STATE OF RUSSIA.

“This monkey one day got into one of the Muscovite churches, hard by the English resident’s house, and tumbled down some of their saints.”—CRULL’S MUSCOVY.

WE now arrive at one of those solemn passages of history which, engraven upon the memory, are in themselves of such importance, that the annalist appears as the mere amanuensis of destiny and events.

Our old acquaintance, Jocko, was no longer

a mere dependent upon favour; he had claims on the consideration of the domestic coterie of Wilmington, that were a passport to the highest estimation of the ambassador and his secretary, and consequently of the whole suite. But it was with Grace, more particularly, that the monkey had curried favour, and was so conscious of it, that it must be confessed he did somewhat presume, well knowing that a smile from his patroness would always disarm the anger of Sir Thomas, when provoked by his mischievous propensities.

Master Tuberville had also recovered his standing in the estimation of the doctor's daughter, having learned to appreciate the whims and oddities of her favourite Jocko, and in truth the secretary's talents and acquirements were no mean acquisition to the social party. His profound knowledge of the celestial bodies, his interesting calculations on motion, distance, and magnitude, combined with

the growing interest they took in his prediction of an eclipse of the sun, now fast approaching, obtained for him at all times respectful attention. This gifted individual had withal that modesty which pertaineth to learning, and was ever unobtrusive, whilst the reputation of his learning had gone abroad. The Muscovites were heard to say that the outlandish star-gazer was gifted with supernatural powers ; and the day, the hour of the approaching eclipse, which had been rehearsed from lip to lip, was ominously repeated, and they kept at a respectful distance from the vicinage of the Englishman.

The secretary's reputation as a sorcerer, coupled with the conviction of Jocko's democracy, acquired for the English party a respectful reverence, more effectual than any mundane power that could have been exerted to repel an insidious enemy. The party, thus screened by an imaginary rampart, were comparatively safe amidst the turmoil of massacre.

On the eve, however, of the inauguration of the new metropolitan, an event befell them which caused no inconsiderable alarm to the guests at Walter Wilmington's. Jocko had been unusually dejected; the day had passed in tears with Grace, who was deeply affected by the fate of the empress, and her affection seemed to have been participated by the monkey. All at once he was missing. None had noticed his departure. The hotel was searched in vain; Pug was no where to be found.

Certainly, next to those human beings who formed her little world of society, Jocko had become essential to the domestic circle of the lovely hostess. Ever since he had scared away the obnoxious messenger of the Czarevitch, he had risen in importance in an inverse ratio to beauty. He was moreover the faithful Mercury of the friendly neighbours, and during the short hours of absence, the bearer of sundry communications from the embassy; and had

been dignified with the cognomen of "Queen's Messenger," although the contents of the bag of embassy were not always *diplomatic*, for sometimes it contained gloves, and ribands, and occasionally some of those scented pomades and aquatics, then so very *recherché*; a degradation to which the despatch bags of a more modern epoch were certainly never reduced.

To allay the anxiety of Grace, the household of the ambassador were dispatched in all directions. Meanwhile Pug, who with true philosophy was determined to shake off the blue-devils—whatever kindred the Muscovites might suppose him to have with them—had promenaded the well-known roofs which had so long sheltered him, to take the air, and for some reason had prolonged his ramble more than usual. The night was calm, the streets were more silent than ordinary; that day the slaughter had taken place in the Kitaigorod; and as his glance peered over the vicinity, he

was induced to wander further. Ascending and descending from house to house, the adventurer, unnoticed, reached the boundary wall of the Kremlin, and hence he took a commanding view of the prospect—of the lifeless masses of the murdered—of the somnolent watchers of the city, drowsy from the exertions of the day;—of the scaffolds, where, in their last convulsions, the expiring victims were yielding up their breath. It was a new scene even for our travelled monkey, and no doubt he noted with due precision the mutability of human affairs, congratulating himself on his more favoured race. The moon shone unclouded and bright, as if no crimes had darkened the theatre of her splendour. All was silent as death, or its semblance, sleep; and nothing moved but one small object, rolling to and fro, yet seemingly revolving upon its centre. The guards were asleep, yet was this object in incessant motion.

Pug grew bolder; his curiosity knew no

limits; vaulting to the ground, he took a closer view. Even then a ray of the moon shed its silver light in added brightness, and two human eye-balls glared full upon him—it was a living head—it was the buried Boyarinia. Even now that life had almost passed away, the vision of a fiend in one big throe of horror, communicated strength of suffering, and she uttered an appalling shriek.

Startled from their sleep, the watchers beheld the apparition of a demon, and fled, whilst the alarm, spread to the distant sentries, was answered by the clang of their halberds on the triangular iron alarums suspended in the courts of every house in Moscow.

Whilst the report spread that it was his Satanic Majesty, Jocko decamped as rapidly as if the said personage were at his heels, and for greater security, clambered up the walls of the cathedral, gained admission at the belfry, and lowering himself into the body of the church, took

refuge for the night in the shrine of the Ikonostas of the ancient cathedral of the Kremlin.

The light of the moon supplied Pug with a vision of the miraculous images. Enshrined in gold were the Ethiopian features of the Virgin of Jerusalem, but the profane visitor held her beauty in little reverence; nor did he heed the sacred nail, the remnant of the robe of the Virgin, the right hand of St. Andrew, or the embalmed head of Gregory the Theologian; and much was lost upon him in the inscriptions on the silver labels of each immaculate treasure—his learning not having extended to the old Slavonic.

He ascended the patriarchal chair, whence, having extended his glance upon the deserted chancel, he climbed a four-pillared wooden canopy, which surmounted the pulpit, to take a wider survey.

Although we are prepared to admit that the bodily energies and capabilities of monkeys are



considerable, and possess high authority to prove that they have been known to undergo great fatigue, as well as to perform astonishing feats of strength,—yet even a monkey may become exhausted, and so it fared with our friend.

Feeling drowsiness stealing over him, he relished much the security of his elevated position. Ensconcing himself, therefore, as comfortably as the carving of the wooden canopy would permit, and effectually concealed from view, he resigned himself to the enjoyment of a sleep, as innocent and undisturbed as ever blessed the eyelids of a monkey.

The day broke, bright as ever, over the vast city, laying bare the deeds of man; but Jocko was still unconscious of all. The opening of the gates, the preparation for the ceremony of the inauguration of a new metropolitan, with all the pomp and circumstance of ecclesiastical magnificence, was by him unheeded. The clergy of a hundred parishes were there;

a thousand lamps and lighted candelabras blended with the beam of day, and clouds of incense were wafted to the vaulted roof.

It was at that solemn moment when the new patriarch ascends the pontifical chair, when the innumerable bells at once break the imposing silence to proclaim the election, that Pug awoke. The loud sound of the anthem, the acclamations, and the ringing of bells,

“ Burst his bonds of sleep asunder,  
And roused him like a rattling peal of thunder.”

Is it a dream? thought Jocko, or reality? and peeping through the carved frieze that bordered the canopy, he took a cautious survey of men and things. A vast throng was beneath him, a moving parterre of human heads; but though he was some time making his observation, we are not prepared to say that phrenology was then a monkeyiana science. But silence was resumed, for the metropolitan was about to address the congregation. The

pastoral crook was in his hand, he waved it gently as he commenced his discourse, and as he bent forward, the lofty mitre of the high church dignitary, studded with costly gems, and resplendent with its lavish adornments, moved tantalizingly before Jocko, and almost within his grasp. Once, indeed, he protruded his paw to snatch at the dazzling head-dress; but, fortunately, the attempt had not been noticed, for the congregation faced the metropolitan, whilst Pug was in the rear.

But monkeys, after all, and we are bound to confess it, much as we have laboured to prove their discretionary powers, are not always under such control, and in this instance we draw further inference of their affinity to man, since they are equally frail, oftentimes as imprudent, and as frequently prone to mischief.

The pastoral wand still waved to and fro, most provokingly, before the eyes of Jocko; at length it reposed against the canopy. The

impulse was irresistible, and the paw of Pug leisurely drew it out of the hand of the patriarch.

We hear the reader exclaim, "Why did the priest let it go?" Aye, there's the rub.

But it was a superstitious age. The prelate was surrounded by the immaculate and miracle-working images, and there was nothing living, to his knowledge, 'twixt him and the vaulted roof. The miraculous ascension of his wand palsied his hand, paralysed his frame, choked his utterance,—and he stood as if turned to stone.

The congregation had witnessed the ascension without detecting the cause—for the parapet of the canopy still concealed Jocko—they were electrified. Some shouted a miracle! a miracle! but the majority were in consternation.

Now, it had entered the brain of Jocko that, if once in possession of the pastoral hook, he

could fish therewith for that object of his admiration, the metropolitan's magnificent cap. The thought and the deed were one. Finding himself in undisturbed possession of the rod, he extended the hook to a convenient knot in the mitre, and the bare head of the unresisting priest was suddenly exposed, as the episcopal crown swung mid-air. At that moment the congregation, subdued, overcome with the omnipresence of the supernatural cause of miracles, prostrated themselves; when, lo! the monkey having hooked his game, now contrived to secure it, and his form was exposed to view.

Such a Babel was never seen nor heard as the interior of the cathedral now presented of shouts, groans, hisses, and imprecations. "The devil! the devil!" was the predominant exclamation; and many gave themselves up for lost, invoking every saint; and, in the full conviction that their last hour was come, piteously made more sincere confession of their

peccadilloes than they had ever before troubled their ghostly advisers with.

Meanwhile some had hastened for succour, and soon arrived with a troop of archers; but when they appeared, Pug had effected a landing with his treasure upon the shelf which supported the holy relics, for be it known, with becoming civility the Muscovites never hanged their images or pictures of saints, the like treatment not being considered honourable to such worshipful company. Sad was the havoc which ensued. Perceiving their hostile intentions, Jocko soon discovered that his best friends were his heels, and observing a means of escape from the shelf through an adjoining window, he pursued his sacrilegious course in such haste and trepidation, that innumerable were the arms, legs, heads, and bones of immaculate saints that rattled on the pavement of the chancel, as they were dislodged to give him free passage, to the scandal of the good

Muscovites, whilst, with more success than he deserved, Jocko effected his escape from the church. But danger awaited him without: and now we come to an illustration of one of the innumerable advantages which the race of Jocko possessed over man. The philosopher, Helvetius, has maintained that the human hand develops the faculties, fashions the object of thought, and is in toto the mainspring of the mind. On his authority, how superlative must be the attributes of the monkey. Man possesses but two; this gifted race has four,—and each answering the purposes of foot and hand. Thus endowed, Helvetius goes far to prove that man is the inferior animal. But we digress. If Pug had been for a moment sanctified as a worker of miracles, his escape at least was miraculous. With surprising agility he climbed the domes, the chains, the crosses, then lowered himself from roof to roof, from house to house, and in that labyrinth of edifices, steeples,

minarets, and spires, soon effected his retreat, distancing his pursuers, and effectually concealing himself till the hue and cry had died away.



## CHAPTER VII.

“ Il les fit jeter (les Juifs) du haut en bas pieds and poings liez, disant que c'était pour les mieux baptiser.”—RELATION DE TOUT CE QUI REGARDE LA MOSCOVIE; Paris, 1687.

“ Le medecin Bomélius,—cet odieux instigateur des meurtres, fut brulé vif sur la place publique de Moscou.”—KARAMSIN.

“ Au moins ce fils dénaturé (Theodore Basmanoff) ne sauva point sa vie par le parricide! il fut supplicié avec les autres.”—IDEM.

“ On versait alternativement de l'eau bouillante et de l'eau glacée sur le corps de ce malheureux, qui expira dans d'horribles souffrances. Les autres furent égorgés, pendus ou hachés en morceaux.”—IDEM.

ANOTHER morning of massacre had dawned upon Moscow. The Basmanoffs were immediately incarcerated on the discovery of the

guilt of the Boyarinia, for such was the sweeping system of retributive vengeance, that kith and kin shared the destiny of the condemned. A fearful fate, it was expected, awaited the present family, without other known crime than that of being allied to the murderess of the Czarinia.

The Czar had snatched a few hours' repose, and with the dawn was up and prepared for the business of the day. First he proceeded to take a momentary glance at the faded features of his bride; the sight seemed to create in him a more insatiate thirst for blood and vengeance.

He marshalled the way to the prison where Bomelius still existed. Restoratives had been administered, and the wretch had sufficiently recovered his speech to be intelligible, though each syllable was accompanied with groans.

Much he confessed; and poured into the ear

of the despot a fearful tale of treason; it compromised the lives of the first Boyars of the realm. Thus, even in death, the unsated villainy thirsted for blood, and hundreds perished by the most refined torture. But these confessions sufficed not to save his own life. Half-roasted, Ivan adjudged him to perish in the flame.

Of those compromised by the confessions of the Jew, were Alexis and Theodore Basmanoff. The father and son were ordered to the place of executions, there to await the arrival of the Czar.

Mounting horse, the monarch led his satellites to where another scene was preparing, quite in keeping with the task he had allotted himself. As they approached the bank of the Moskva, the bridge over it was thronged with people, and strange as it may appear, the crowd was exclusively composed of priests, in company with the Jewish residents of the city,

men, women, and children, who were bound hand and foot, and guarded by an army of the Strelitz.

With the sword of the executioner suspended over them, the Israelites were undergoing the ceremony of recantation. Each individual having gone through the Greek ritual, denouncing the heresy of their forefathers by spitting over their shoulder, were awaiting the autocrat's superintendence of the Christian rite of baptism.

A gleam of satisfaction spread over the countenance of Ivan, as he reined in his charger before that multitude of the creed and race of the murderer of his bride. His glance seemed to devour the Jewish multitude, encircled, like a beaten preserve, by his blood-hunters. At a signal, the ranks of the soldiery were extended along the banks of the river, whilst the Opritchnina stationed themselves on the bridge. And now began the immersion, which the profane

despot facetiously styled "effectual baptism." Fast as the satellites could perform the task, the poor Jews were thrown from the bridge into the river; and where the sturdy struggler burst his bonds, and rose to the surface, the inhospitable shore, bristling with weapons of destruction, proclaimed their doom: the tumultuous waves, now foaming from the death-struggles of the drowning multitude, in a few minutes subsided into calm, and the waters flowed in tranquil stream over the holocaust of victims sacrificed to a tyrant's revenge.

It was a moment of wild and horrid joy to the throned assassin, that picture of wholesale murder. The passionate farewell of lovers, the frenzied gaze of mothers, as they beheld their little ones launched into eternity,—the despair of age, and all the thousand pangs of nature, strained to bursting, crowded into one fleeting moment of time, the sufferings of generations.

Then rose the hoarse laugh of the murderer in his might—the might of the destroyer in defiance of his Creator. Alas! for the little multitude now extinct! none survived the sacrifice! no bonds were sundered! none lived to recall the memory of the past! The monster bethought himself, extermination may overshoot its mark; none lived to regret the Israelite community. Unsated, he spurred his charger to the place of executions.

The fagots were crackling when he arrived, and a lofty flame towered high and red in its brightest glare—like a jubilee the scene met his glance; the myrmidons of power surrounded the gibbets, beginning their preparations for torture. Yet none but the actors in this awful spectacle were there; no audience—no mere spectators. A solemn stillness reigned over the city. Horror-stricken, the citizens fled in all directions, hiding themselves, as if the ex-

termination of the human race had commenced. Arrived at the foot of the scaffolds, accompanied by the Czarevitch, Ivan looked around in astonishment; none were there to witness—to approve.

At once the drums were beat to call the inhabitants, but in vain. Growing impatient, he now dispatched his guards in all directions, and followed himself to summon them to the exhibition, ensuring them safety and mercy. They dared no longer disobey; leaving their hiding places, trembling with fear, they assembled on the place of executions, and in a few minutes, at the sound of that dreaded voice, the walls, the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators.

“ People of Moscow,” exclaimed the Czar, “ you are come to witness tortures and executions; but it is the punishment of traitors. Answer me! Does my sentence appear just?”

“ Long live the Czar, our lord and master!” was the reply of the ignoble race.

“ Hoïda, hoïda!” was the awful amen of the Opritchnina, and the work began.

In the space of four hours, the Czar and his son, assisted by the expert Maluta, and his troop, slaughtered two hundred human beings.

Again and again the fiend surveyed the dying and the dead, followed in his rounds by his faithful guards, brandishing their reeking sabres, and glorifying the justice of their chief. Further detail is too revolting for the page of our day.

Meanwhile, of all that concourse, there was one still lingering in protracted torment; for him no sympathy existed in the breast of his fellow-man—it was Bomelius. The sufferers, whom his hellish instigations had brought to the stake, had enough of life left to pour im-



precations on his head, coupled with groans. This was reserved as the final scene in the murderous tragedy we have feebly attempted to describe.

Around and around the burning pile, Ivan galloped in a frenzy of exultation. The Jew was roasted with such a nice calculation of what life can endure, yet be sensible of, that the torture may have been some expiation of his guilt.

In sight of the sufferer, was an object that next drew the attention of Ivan; it was the Boyarinia, yet alive; and beside her were the Basmanoffs, bound with thongs, and under a strong guard.

“ Well, lady !” said the Czar, as he marked the Boyarinia, gasping and fainting, her parched lips bleeding for lack of moisture. “ Not sated yet ! Will not all the blood of my bride allay thy thirst ? So friends !” he remarked,

observing her husband and son; "ye have been but sorry traitors. The wife robs me of my bride, and you must needs plot with Sigismund, the Pole, for my crown. Thou art young, Theodore, for such high game. What if we let thee have more wing? Ho! there, unloose his bonds.

"Thou wilt be faithful? Aye, I know thou wilt. But the old one, I fear, is incorrigible; so do thou rid us of him," continued Ivan, presenting him a knife.

We hope the historian is in error in the sequel. But if Theodore Basmanoff committed the deed ascribed to him, to rescue himself from destruction, the parricide escaped not his doom. Ere the sun went down, his mangled body dangled on one of the gibbets.

Ivan himself was gluttoned for the day.

In after times, the spot where the bodies

were heaped was consecrated, and expiatory monuments were raised, which attest that eventful massacre.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ On a des pleureuses de profession qui pleurent à gage pour la veuve, et qui a force d'exercer l'art de pleurer, ont acquis l'adresse de contrefaire les gestes et les mouvemens de la plus vive douleur.”—PICART, RELIGION DES GRECS.

“ Son cercueil, placé au convent des religieuses de l'Ascension, à coté de ceux des deux premières épouses de Jean, est, pour la postérité, un objet d'attendrissement et de pénibles réflexions.”—KARAMSIN.

“ Thy dust, Jermak, sleeps still and calm,  
 But Russia shall erect on high  
 Thy pyramid, and shall embalm  
 Thy name with flowers and poetry :  
 A pile of gold, which thy good spear  
 Won from Siberia, shall she rear !  
 What said I, thoughtless one !—what dream  
 Has passion in its sleep created ?  
 Where is his fane ?—the dust of him  
 Is lost—his grave unconsecrated,  
 Unknown.”

—DMITRIEV'S POEM OF JERMAK, TRANSLATED BY BOWRING.

IVAN, the morning after the massacre, prepared for the solemn rite of the funeral of his bride.

Imperial pomp surrounded the royal bier. First came a priest, bearing the banner of the tutelar saint of the departed. He was succeeded by four young women, professed weepers, employed on such occasions, and exhibiting all the outward symptoms of extravagant grief. On each side of the way, a long line of caloyers extended; at intervals of a few paces, priests advanced with measured and slow steps, their voices raised to scare away the evil spirit. And now approached a numerous body of the higher church dignitaries in their sacerdotal robes, with smoking censers, wafting perfumes; and in the midst of a fragrant cloud was the bier bearing the body, in an open coffin, made out of a solid block of timber. Over it was a canopy of cloth of gold, quartered with the arms of the Czar; it rested upon four pillars, carried by four priests.

And now appeared the Czar, supported by

the Czarevitch on his right, and the new metropolitan on his left, and followed by all the Princes and Boyars of the court. The guard of the Strelitz and of the Opritchnina closed the procession.

Ivan was affected even to tears ; his grief was for the moment excessive.

The funeral cortège took the direction of the place of executions, where yet the unseparated dead attested the terrible sacrifice by the Czar, as the atonement for the murder of his young wife ; but there was yet a revenge unsated, and in that hour it was to be accomplished. The Boyarina, the mother and the murderess, yet lived, and he reserved for her dying gaze a last look on her child.

As the procession came up to the spot where she still remained nearly ingulfed in earth, Ivan ordered it to halt, and the coffin to be placed on the ground. There reposed all that

remained of the fruit of her womb, the innocent victim of her ambition; and there, on that death-blanchèd cheek, were now visible the accusing spots of poison.

The Boyarina, now fast sinking in death, had closed her eyes, for agony had seized upon her, and the searching beams of the mid-day sun had scorched her eye-balls. But the sudden burst of the anthem for the dead, issuing from the voices of a thousand priests, recalled her to consciousness; she opened her eyes, and beheld her murdered child.

A wild, a horrid shriek burst from her lips; the last vital chord was snapped; and the soul of the infanticide was summoned to the tribunal of the Searcher of hearts.

The procession again moved on to the convent vaults of Vosnesensky—the chaunt was resumed.

“Howl the deep dirge! for we weep o’er  
Russia’s royal bride!

“She was a lovely star, that had strayed from the celestial firmament, we were no longer worthy to possess.

“Heaven saw, and recalled the soul of the beautiful to its native realms of light.

“From the regions of the blest, Spirit of the tenant of the grave, hear our prayer!

“Thou of the starry galaxy of saints, thou akin to angels, hear our sighs.”

And thus the mournful chaunt continued, in varied apostrophe to the dead; and according to the fashion of the day and the land, inquiring the motives of the silent clay for quitting this life.

In the crowd of mourners, for all Moscow, notwithstanding the terrible visitation of the Czar, had ventured to follow to its last abode the body of their beloved Czarina, was one whose manly form seemed now bowed down by overwhelming affliction. His grief was too big for utterance; he joined not in the loud



wail of the people, who loudly proclaimed, with noisy lamentation, the virtues and loveliness of the departed. He had silently treasured the lasting remembrance of that beauty and goodness in his inmost heart; and the irrecoverable loss had overcome the daring spirit of that warrior with woman's weakness.

The body, with its accompanying canopy, was now conveyed and placed within the gold rail of the trapeza. A throne was erected at the head of the coffin; long trains of priests, bearing lighted torches, formed an avenue from the gates to the holy doors of the Ikonostas. The solemn dirge was renewed during the performance of the service of the dead. After a pause, the Czar was assisted from his seat, and supported as he ascended the throne, placed at the head of the bier; he pressed a reverential kiss upon the cold lips of his departed bride, and was borne out of the church in an agony of

grief. Then such as were near, mounted the steps, and crossing and recrossing themselves, took a last farewell of the dead. The smoking censers now wafted clouds of incense; the voices of the choristers swelling in loftiest strains; the blazing torches seen through that atmosphere of gloom; the mitred priests towering in their magnificent robes;—all wore an aspect of the solemnity, pride, and grandeur of the Greek church.

In the midst of that loud burst of human voices, there was one who silently, and almost unnoticed, gained access to the bier. He bent forward and pressed the forbidden salute on the lips of Russia's departed hope. The warrior struggled with himself; his heart still lingered round the coffin in which reposed that lovely form; with a strong effort he tore himself away, and was soon lost to the astonished gaze of the bystanders, who recognised, in his

manly person, the once formidable outlaw, but now honoured ambassador of the conqueror of Siberia.

Blighted in hope, seared in heart, maddened with the past, reckless of the future, the brave hetman hastened from his country, to rejoin his companions in arms, on the banks of the Irtisch, bearing with him, as a present of his sovereign to the brave Yermak, a splendid iron cuirass, the imperial eagle richly embossed thereon in gold, in proof of his high satisfaction, and approval of the hero's transcendent achievements.

Attended by his faithful troop, Koltzo rapidly traversed the intervening provinces of Russia, surmounted the Uralian mountains, and the long enduring steeds of the indefatigable Cossacques bore their riders to the tents of their general.

“The merchants of Bukharia were expected

“ at Isker. When Yermak learnt that the  
“ fugitive Koutchoum had dared to make his  
“ appearance in the desert of Vagai, to intercept  
“ their passage on that river, he immediately dis-  
“ embarked, and set out at the head of fifty Cos-  
“ sacques to encounter them. He sought them  
“ during the entire day, but neither fell in with  
“ the caravan nor any traces of the enemy.  
“ He retraced his steps, and prepared to pass  
“ the night in tents, leaving his boats moored  
“ to the shore, near the mouth of the Vagai.  
“ It is there that the Irtisch, directing its  
“ course towards the east, divides into two  
“ streams, one of which flows on in tortuous  
“ windings; the other, in a straight line, by a  
“ canal, since called Yermak; but which must  
“ have been cut at some remote period. Its  
“ banks, smoothed by time, had left no vestige  
“ of the labour of man. In this place, south of  
“ the river, is observable, in the midst of the

“ valley, an elevation which, according to a  
“ well-credited tradition, was destined for the  
“ habitation of a king, and formed by the  
“ labour of young girls.

“ It was among these monuments of an age,  
“ lost in the labyrinth of time, that the con-  
“ queror of Siberia must have perished. He  
“ from whom any certain knowledge of that  
“ country has originated, must have perished,  
“ a victim to his own imprudence, the conse-  
“ quence of inevitable destiny. Yermak was  
“ not ignorant of the proximity of the enemy,  
“ yet, without taking any precaution, without  
“ placing any sentinels, and as if wearied of  
“ life, he and his comrades abandoned them-  
“ selves to profound slumber. The rain fell on  
“ them in torrents; the noise of the wind and  
“ the waves contributed to lull the Cossaeques,  
“ whilst the enemy lay on the opposite bank of  
“ the river. Their spies having discovered  
“ a fordable passage, silently approached the

“ camp of Yermak. They beheld his warriors  
“ sleeping upon the ground, and took from  
“ them their firelocks and cartouch-boxes,  
“ which they presented to their king, as a proof  
“ of the facility with which he might overpower  
“ the invincibles. The heart of Koutchoum  
“ leapt for joy. He lost not a moment trans-  
“ porting his soldiers across the Vagai—the  
“ Cossacques were surprised and slain.

“ Two alone escaped from the massacre ; one  
“ of whom was Yermak himself, who, roused  
“ by the din of arms, by the cries of the  
“ wounded, sprang from his sleep, and beheld  
“ death surrounding him.

“ He succeeded in repelling with his sword  
“ his assassins, and then plunged into the deep  
“ and stormy waters of the Irtisch ; but the  
“ fatal iron cuirass, the gift of Ivan, bore him  
“ down, and before he could reach his boats,  
“ he sank to rise no more.”

Koltzo sold his life dearly ; such was the

havoc his good sword made ere he fell, that when the fury of the assailants of the Cossacque had subsided, it was succeeded by a feeling of idolatrous veneration for the mighty dead.

Wonderful properties were ascribed by them to the remains of the Cossacques; their arms, their dress, their bones, were believed to possess a miraculous power; and if touched, were supposed to heal the sick. These fanatics would impregnate their drink with the earth of their graves as a specific, or wear the dust as a talisman.

Thus was Siberia lost to Russia for many succeeding years; but Yermak, Koltzo, and

“ That handful of Muscovia’s men,”

had wrought a passage through the snowy deserts, and the successors of Ivan Vassilivitch secured the conquest.

## CHAPTER IX.

“ On sait que les Russes et plusieurs autres nations, principalement les septentrionales, ont conservé la coutume de faire des repas funébres et il n'arrive que trop souvent qu'on s'enivre en cette occasion à l'honneur des morts.”—PICART, SUR LA RELIGION DES GRECS.

“ Les sujets ne doivent avoir que les restes de leur maître et seigneur.”—HIST. DE RUSSIE, RÉDUITE, &c.

“ Il est reconnu que les femmes en Russie sont réellement esclaves d'autres esclaves.”—LE COMTE DE FORTIA—PILES.

IN the Granovitaia Palata, yecept the audience chamber, on the evening of the funeral of his Czarina, the Czar was once more enjoying the company of his favourites, around a table loaded with the varieties and luxuries of that age.

Upon a raised platform, at the upper end,



was seated the Czar, and in order of rank, the officers of his household. Roasted swans and peacocks adorned that part of the table; and, ranged in succession, were tureens of sterlet and rice soup; fish and lamb pies; sour crout and pork; sundry roasted meats, and a variety of soups and dishes of inferior note.

Wines of choice and various selections. But the spiced Usvarez, a compound of beer, wine, and honey, was the favourite cordial; although the Nalivka, a strong spirituous beverage, pronounced irresistible in those days by ladies of a certain age, found many admirers amongst the dandy guests.

The Czar, after some liberal potations, appeared himself again. Wine, sparkling wine, was now, as of yore, the source of inspiration, and the hitherto silent guests burst forth in all their wonted hilarity. The ribald jest was bandied, and profligate mirth resounded again in the halls of mourning.

There was one guest whose eagle eye observed the senseless and brutal throng; and as frequent libations drowned the reason and fired the blood of beasts in human shape, it was not difficult for him to pass the goblet almost untouched. *One* draught he knew must come, enough in itself to steal away the wits of the strongest there, and he reserved himself for the inevitable visitation. Feared, but respected by his competitors for courtly favour, the superior tact of the young, handsome, yet ambitious courtier, preserved him from danger; added to which, sobriety ever gave him a decided advantage over the besotted revellers of the Kremlin. Yet none so jovial, none so witty as he. He knew his value, and kept his ground.

Ever an eye on the movements of the Czar, he readily discerned the rising passion, the glance of suspicion, and forewarned, ever escaped the danger.

The Basmanoffs, the Gvozdoffs, and other

minions, had had their day—had basked in the sunshine of favour, till it proved too hot for them. Boris Godounoff, the new favourite and future Czar, played his game with skill; kept within the rays of sovereignty, but approached not too nearly its burning centre. His ready wit pleased the Czar, ever enlivened his banquets, and his manly and melodious voice was often taxed for a song.

A “shiver of bread” was now presented to him, as a mark of the monarch’s esteem. The courtier instantly stood up, and answered—

“Czar, our lord and great prince, Boris Godounoff, of all Russians, returns thee thanks.”

Now flowed the wines; Malieno, Amarodina, and Cheriunikina; and Ivan drank deep. But deeper was his discontent, and no smile came to the surface. He looked around for other stimulants than the feast. The happy countenance of Godounoff encountered his glance,

and was instantly followed by the imperial command for a song.

The favourite again stood up—

O Czar ! there are traitors around thee—  
All armed with the murderer's knife ;  
And if I revealed, 'twould astound thee  
How near thou art losing thy life.

Ivan was indolently listening to the first notes of the song ; but he now sprang from his seat, seized the dagger at his side, and looked daggers around him. The singer, who either did not, or pretended not, to observe him, continued—

They are here, and they sap all thy power ;  
Arouse thee, great Czar—and they die :  
Once yield them the treacherous hour,  
And thy might—thy revenge they defy.

“ Now, by the holy saints ! proclaim them, and ere we quit the banquet, their heads shall answer for their rebellion.”

The bold songster, however, heedless of his monarch's agitation, continued his song—

At my voice, *Melancholy*, bold traitor !

Come forth from the breast of the Czar ;

Confess ! when didst ever, man-hater !

Restore the bright day thou didst mar ?

Ivan was yet undecided whether to laugh or to frown. The singer continued, with a firm voice—

And thou, silent felon, *deep Sorrow*,

Out, out sneaking thief from thy nest !

To-day is thine own—let to-morrow

Bring sunshine and hope to the breast.

Ivan had resumed his seat ; and as if the words of the song had had a magic power, a smile illumined his countenance. The courtiers around him, who had been shaking with fear at the portentous commencement of the stanzas, as though their lives had depended on the sequel, joyfully reflected the smile of the Czar,

in the magnifying mirrors of their countenances.

And thou, unhang'd rebel, *Despair*,  
Thy wiles and thy freaks are all known !  
Avaunt, thou foul fiend, from thy lair,  
Nor approach thou to Muscovy's throne !

The corpulent Boyars shook again, but in a very different way from that of the beginning of the song. Their master had condescended to laugh.

Pack off ! all ye knaves—leave no traces ;  
Since when was a palace your haunt ?  
Away to the poor !—know your places,—  
From the breast of the sovereign avaunt !

Ivan roared with laughter, and the fat sides of his courtiers kept loyal accompaniment, working away like so many bellows ; and some were found actually to weep tears of joy, more particularly those who, with sincere repentance,

had suffered their hair to grow for having recently incurred signs of the Czar's displeasure, and whose lives were rather below par, existing in some measure after the fashion of Mahomet's coffin, 'twixt heaven and earth.

Meanwhile the monarch quaffed the nectar of the feast, and soon the fire caught his blood, rose to his brain. Ivan Vassilivitch was the tyrant again. From the tablet of memory, the insidious draught erased all past ennobling thought, and left, in prominent characters, disappointment, suspicion, and revenge.

“Heaven shuns me! Angels will not stay with me! Then are we quits; this earth will I sack for joys, since 'tis mine own. Love! thou art henceforth banished, and sensual bliss shall be my pastime. The meanest of my subjects is more blest than I. My curse be on it! Shall they have felicity which I cannot share? I have the power to destroy, to punish their presumption. Let the slaves look to it!” Rais-

ing his voice, the monarch thus addressed his guests—

“ Now will we make right merry. Time is a trickster, and cheats us of our reckoning and our joys. No more on't—fill the cup.” At the word, every guest replenished his goblet to the brim; and as the Czar carried his to his lips, each tossed the contents of his own down his throat, and reversing it, placed it upside down on the table before him.

“ Now will we know from each of you who is the fairest woman, as ye may opine, in this our glorious city of Moscow. Godounoff, speak thou the first”—

“ Gracious Czar, my opinion have I proved by my choice. My wife, methinks, is of the fairest.”

“ Now, by St. Serge! but that I can take oath she is not, I should be wrath with thee. What sayest thou, my son? Hast thou no little jewel in thine eye which thou dost covet?



We are in the vein to pleasure thee: speak thy wish."

"Nay, and you would know our meaning," resumed the Czar; "learn, we hold this night carousal for your sakes. What say ye to the frolic? Let each one name the fairest of his mind; and be she mother, widow, wife, or maid (so she clash not with our imperial choice), our trusty guards shall bring her this night to his embraces."

"A glorious project!" exclaimed the Czarevitch.

"Worthy of a Czar," responded Skuratoff; "such a revel will stand on record, an instance of thy might, great prince—'twill be a sport for kings."

"Have all agreed?"

"All—all!" responded the guests.

"Then now to work. Each take a troop with him at nightfall, and seize his prize in the name of Ivan Vassilivitch."

“Maluta, I have need of thee,” said the monarch; “my choice is made. I require diversion from these gloomy thoughts,” he added, in a low voice, inaudible to all but the officer of the Opritchnina. “Thou knowest Wilmington?”

“The court physician? he who saved thy precious life, Great Czar, when sickness had almost destroyed it?”

“The same—he has a daughter.”

“Of most delicious beauty!” grinned Maluta.

“Dost know the house?”

“Adjoining the ambassador’s.”

“Right. I may trust thy management?”

“Doubt not your unworthy Maluta!”

“At nightfall be it,” rejoined Ivan, in a confidential tone. “I await thee in the chamber of jewels.”

Whilst these instructions were given to Skuratoff, the Czarevitch was in earnest colloquy

with Viazemsky, the favourite who had succeeded the younger Basmanoff, as caterer and purveyor to his highness, for the result of which conference we must refer our readers to the next chapter.

## CHAPTER X.

“ Il se couchait pour dormir la tête sur un coussin et se couvrait avec tant d'adresse qu'on l'aurait pris pour un homme au lit.”—HISTOIRE DES SINGES ; Paris, 1752.

† “ Les favoris du prince, Viazemsky, Maluta Skuratoff, Griaznoï, à la tête de la legion des élus, enfoncent les maisons d'un grand nombre de seigneurs, de négocians, enlèvent les femmes connues par leur beauté.”—KARAMSIN.

THE inmates of the residence of the British embassy, and of the abode of Doctor Wilmington, were plunged into horror beyond description by the Czar's wholesale dismissal of his subjects. From their contiguity to the place of executions, the groans of the sufferers were always in their ears. It would be difficult to

describe the effect these constant butcheries had on the gentle Grace. So great was her dismay, that all her usual avocations were forsaken, and ceaseless prayer for the victims of the tyrant's fury seemed now her sole occupation; this constant agony of excitement began to be evinced in her appearance:—the rose was forsaking her cheek, and her graceful form becoming still slighter. The doctor, in despair, confided his parental anxieties to his friend, Sir Thomas, who devoted himself with unremitting attention to soothe, and allay, if possible, the distressing fears of the amiable girl. Whether the ambassador possessed more than ordinary powers of consolation, or whether the manly tones of his voice inspired confidence, we cannot pretend to decide with certainty; but assuredly the terrors of Grace were more speedily and effectually allayed by Sir Thomas Randolph than by the most unwearied efforts of the doctor, albeit esteemed right learned and well skilled. From

these circumstances many happy inferences were drawn by the politic ambassador.

We now return, in some amazement, to the prolonged absence of our friend Jocko, which was a source of no small anxiety to his friends, more particularly to Grace, who, with that attribute peculiar to her sex, the power of *self-tormenting*, began to fancy that he had been sacrificed to the well-known hatred and fear entertained towards him by the Muscovites. These painful surmises amounted almost to certainty as night approached, and the fate of poor Pug still remained involved in mystery.

From a series of sorrowful reflections on the massacres which had that day been perpetrated, Grace was roused by a gentle tapping at the casement. Our readers will not be surprised that, with thoughts thus occupied, she did not on the instant rise to ascertain the cause or nature of the visitant; for, from the succession of horrors of which she had been witness and

hearer, her mind had lost much of its tone; but on a repetition, accompanied by a well-known cry, she joyfully approached the window and admitted the truant Jocko, who immediately leaped into the apartment, performing a thousand gleesome tricks and antics, as if rejoicing to find himself again in security beneath the roof of his kind friends, after the innumerable perils he had encountered in his peregrinations.

When the ambassador and his secretary took their leave for the night, Jocko, as usual, was left behind, not without some secret satisfaction on the part of Sir Thomas, who felt that even the monkey was an additional security to the lady of his thought, owing to the superstitious fears of the Russians. The party had no sooner left the house than they were succeeded by a visitor of a very different character,—a messenger from the palace, who acquainted Wilmington that his attendance was immediately required, and without suffering him to

wait on his ambassador, to claim protection for his daughter in his absence, he was hurried away under pretext of pressing danger.

It may edify some of our readers to know, that we are not singular in our appreciation of the varied talents of the *simia* genus, since we are borne out by a profound author, "that monkeys are equal even to the complicated operations of the toilette;" and Stedman has advanced, in his description of Surinam, that the operation of washing and dressing was a fashion that had been generally adopted by them, which accounts, in some measure, for the opinion that they have in many respects left far behind the more benighted portion of the human race, in their rapid progress towards civilization and refinement. Indeed, it is an undoubted fact, attested by an erudite Frenchman, that, whenever in their power, they emulate the luxuries of man; and that one of them having been accommodated with a bed,



was observed to lay his head upon the pillow, and cover himself with the clothes, with all the tact and delicacy of a gentleman. And when we consider that for a long period beds were despised by the Russians, and that at the time of our story the use of them was in fact almost unknown, it would go far to prove that the race of Jocko was at that time distinguished for superior refinement.

Master Pug, after his return on the evening already alluded to, had ensconced himself in a quiet nook of his mistress's boudoir, spite of the terrors of the flagellations he had frequently undergone for invading the precincts of the *sanctum sanctorum* of Mistress Grace. One by one he observed her remove her ornaments and outward garments, until the unconscious and delicate-minded girl, whose notions of propriety would not have suffered her to

“Unveil her chastity to the moon,”

was almost denuded before the intrusive brute. Grace had retired to an inner apartment and sunk upon her knees; and with all the cheerful fervour of an innocent heart, implored the protection of her Maker. It was whilst thus engaged, that Master Pug came forward from his retreat, and as noiselessly as a nocturnal thief, took possession of the young lady's vacated seat before her Venetian mirror, and by the light still burning before it, donned, with many a grimace of satisfaction, the feminine adornments and garments that lay around him. It was at this crisis, and when Jocko had thrown over all the ermine roquelaure, or robe de chambre, of the young lady, that the daring emissaries of the Czar dashed into the sanctum; whilst Pug, unconscious of their purpose, and with a view to escape detection and consequent flagellation, hid his head in the folds of the fur. The intruders, not doubting his identity as the fair object of their pursuit, nor

waiting to reconnoitre, lest the outraged master of the house should surprise them, instantly cast an immense schoub, or bear-skin cloak, over their supposed victim, to stifle any cries for help, and in a moment the light and supposed fairy-like burthen was borne away in the arms of a lusty Opritchnik.

From the dark recess where she had knelt for prayer, Grace had been recalled from her pious aspirations to witness, in motionless and speechless astonishment, the intrusion of the daring villains. At a glance she comprehended the plot and the mistake; and ere she rose from that posture of supplication to the Author of all mercies, her inmost soul poured forth the silent, but deep-felt, thanksgiving for that Providence which had so miraculously saved her from impending danger.

The vanity of dress inherent in Jocko was but the temporary salvation of the young lady, inasmuch as the departure of the Czar's emis-

saries facilitated the entrance of those of the Czarevitch, who came on a similar errand, for the difficulties of their entré had been removed by the first party; even the doors had been left wide open by them in their hurry.

She was yet on her knees, and scarcely sufficiently collected to take precautions for her further safety.

Alas! it was but a moment's respite. Footsteps were heard—they approached—they invaded her apartment.

Terror denied her speech; and rapidly the victim was borne away in the arms of the satellites of the Czarevitch.

## CHAPTER XI.

“Neque viros utquam omnino lavare, sed manus tantummodo abluere. Oleo tamen ex lacte confecto ter saltem mensibus singulis ungi, et pellibus deinde abstergi. Veste ad hæc uti, non villosa, sed è glabris maceratisque pellibus quàm tenuissimus, ipsos æquè atque uxores. Exceptis fortè ditissimis inter eos, et iis quidem paucis, qui lineos gestent amictus. Nec item lectorum novisse usum eos, qui plurimum habeat pecoris, ac reliquas opes his propemodum esse similes. Caudam insuper habere omnes, tam viros quàm mulieres, supra clunes, caninæ, similem, nisi quod major sit, et pilis densior.”—ETESIAS. *See* PHOTIJ BIBLIOTHEC :

GEORGE TUBERVILE, “with a Galileo’s glasse,” was again upon the roof of the ambassador’s hotel, watching the progress of the blazing star, which had now acquired an amazing magnitude. It must, however, be con-

fessed, that with all the intensity of his interest in the meteor of the skies, it was never, till those hours of wonted conviviality at Wilmington's had passed, that he resumed his astronomical observations, and herein his gallantry was manifest, as his admiration of Heaven's wonders always gave place to the lovely being who illumined her sphere with the soft and gentle light of her virtues.

It was whilst thus engaged that night, inquiring "whether there be generation and corruption, as some thinke, by reason of æthereale comets," that his attention was withdrawn to that which was passing in the court-yard of the adjoining house of Dr. Wilmington; and the lights of heaven enabling him to distinguish the party then leaving the house, he recognised his friend Walter, not without secretly condemning the impropriety of leaving Grace unprotected in such portentous times. But resuming his studies, he again applied himself to the inspec-

tion of the comet. He was thus busily engaged, when his notice was once more attracted to the spot. A dark group surrounded an object, which they were bearing away in their arms. The moon favoured his observation, and he recognised the dress of a female.

In considerable alarm, George Tuberville hurried down from his observatory, and hastily entered the apartment of Sir Thomas. The ambassador was in deep thought. The recent events in the metropolis, the enormities committed with impunity by the barbarians who fulfilled the decrees of a throned ruffian, awakened serious reflections, which concerned the lovely daughter of the physician.

The abrupt appearance of his secretary, who, in a hurried manner, disclosed the cause of his suspicions, roused Sir Thomas to a keen sense of the danger of the object of his thoughts—of his heart. Goaded by the dread of intended violence, he seized his sword, and giving the

passing word of command to his household to follow, rushed into the street with Tuberville. At that moment, a group of horsemen dashed past him. One supported in front a female form—a shriek, which was half suppressed, revealed the truth—it was the voice of Grace! An ineffectual attempt to pursue was defeated by the rapid speed of the horsemen. The ambassador and his secretary had only time to make a plunge, which struck the sword of one of the guardsmen out of his hand, and wounded another. The weapon was instantly secured by Tuberville.

At that hour the Czar had retired to his private chamber. He lay apparently in voluptuous ease, in a noble apartment of the Kremlin. But that seeming repose was the result of previous excitement. He was luxuriating in anticipation of enjoyment. Soon his emissaries would bring to his arms the beautiful object he had desired—that beauty his fickle and disor-



dered imagination had dressed up in more than earthly graces.

Far from the despot was the thought of her outraged purity. Accustomed to the blind submission of slaves, the devotion of lovely woman's heart was, to his perverted mind, the inheritance of a throne—self-gratification the first and only consideration. Indeed, the passive obedience of his subjects had authorised every indulgence, every excess. An habitual awe for the majesty of the Grand Dukes of Muscovy had not decreased with the new and imposing name of Cæsar; body and mind were serfs to his will; and the readiness with which his subjects kissed the rod that chastened them—the sword that was lifted to destroy—has proved, more than all the theories of philosophers and politicians, that man was ever destined to be harnessed, either from fashion, habit, or circumstances, the only difference in

the fate of nations being, as to whether one or more hold the reins or draw the curb.

At a distance from the Czar, and at the entrance of the apartment, two of his body-guard awaited his law. A rich drapery, elegantly ornamented, and corresponding with the magnificence of the saloon, curtained off, with its ample folds, the door-way, on which the sentinels kept a watchful and steady gaze.

To this, the autocrat's eye was now more frequently turned, as the appointed hour for the arrival of the English girl was approaching.

Often had his sycophant panders been expected; but now more intense was the expectation of the mighty Czar.

The large drapery thus suspended was at length seen to move. The folds were slightly drawn on one side. The Czar sprang from his seat.

His emissaries now made their appearance,

supporting a burthen, which seemed to struggle in their arms. They advanced carefully, and depositing their load, removed a large fur cloak, which concealed the object they bore, and which gently suffered itself to be lowered to the ground.

The Czar waved his hand, and the slaves disappeared from the apartment.

Before him lay the lovely being which his arms would now encircle. In the intensity of his passion, he yet stood aloof, like an epicure, whose pampered appetite has been awakened, and gazing on the banquet before him, prepares, yet delays, to enjoy the feast.

A costly and magnificent cloak of ermine enfolded the charms of the victim at his feet, who scarce seemed to move. To the bashfulness and modesty of her sex and age, the Czar naturally attributed that reserve which veiled those features from his view. More peremptory, perhaps, would have been his addresses

with his countrywomen. A feeling which he himself could scarcely define, but which probably arose from an unacknowledged respect for the British character, influenced his conduct towards the English girl. A consciousness of the outrage to a foreign subject, perhaps, shook his purpose for a moment; but the libertine soon subdued that apprehension, and seizing the cloak which concealed the timid creature, removed it in an instant, and the excited glance of the Czar fell upon Jocko.

## CHAPTER XII.

“The church was purified with the extraordinary ceremony of sprinkling of holy water, and prayers on this occasion were made to the saints, and the Devil was conjured to go out of the church.”—PERRY.

“They keepe them very carefully, holding them to be creatures of God, because they have their hands and feet like human creatures.”—GASPARO BALBI'S VOYAGE TO PERU.]

SIR THOMAS RANDOLPH'S position at the court of a barbarian, where the envious enemies of his country were ever on the alert to thwart him, was one of considerable difficulty. He merited the admiration and reward of his country for his enduring patience, under the

insolent pride and the exacting claims of an ally, whose cunning is proverbial to this day, and which was then not checked by even the courtesy of civilized life.

The polished manners and honourable bearing of the ambassador, secured the respect even of those who were unable to explain the cause thereof, or to understand the nature of that seemingly magic influence which he possessed over their grosser natures. His affability, truth, honour, and modest firmness, commanded their unwilling esteem. His undeviating course baffled their crooked policy. They constantly looked for some hidden motive—something behind, which they in vain endeavoured to discover: while thus at fault, Sir Thomas progressed, and they found, too late for their plans, that his honesty was more than a match for their cunning and intrigue.

But the present danger of Grace overcame the well-practised equanimity of Sir Thomas. In the many trials he had undergone, in which unprovoked, unmerited indignities, and scarcely concealed insolence, had drawn largely on his stock of endurance, he had still been upheld by the strongest sense of duty to his country, and the contempt which he felt, as a gentleman, for the puerile attempts of those who sought to degrade him.

His prudent resolves gave way before the present peril of Grace. The ambassador was forgotten—the man, alone, felt and acted; the colour forsook his cheek, and fled to his heart.

He seemed to feel a father's responsibility, a brother's honour, nay, more—it was a lover's devotion; the name alone was wanting to the passion which his heart confessed.

He had witnessed the abduction; and a secret

conviction that the guardians of the honour of the subject were the violators, came to his mind. The agonising thought annihilated his dearest hopes.

Meanwhile, Wilmington was hastening home, having gone through the ceremony of a mock consultation, got up to detain him, during the outrageous mission of the Opritchnina to his house.

On his way, however, he had gathered from sundry citizens, that the Czar's emissaries had been visiting divers dwellings, with the odious intent already alluded to. He saw, moreover, wretched beings, who were bewailing the bereavement of wives, sisters, and daughters, as they wildly accused Heaven of its visitation.

With a heart saddened for the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures, a shudder came over him, as he thought of his only child; and felt



that when the sword of the tyrant hewed down his subjects, it was mercy, when compared with the ruffian's outrage of that night's profanation.

On his arrival the gate was open. "What can this mean?" exclaimed the doctor, as his heart sank within him. He passed the court: no light, no sound! The inward door was open. His step quickened—swiftly he ran over the apartments. "Grace! Grace!" he shouted. No voice answered him. "Grace! Grace!" he repeated; but his voice now died away, for hope had fled.

Rushing out of his deserted abode, he encountered Sir Thomas, Tuberville, and the household of the ambassador.

"Sir Thomas!" said Wilmington, in a voice that pierced the heart of his hearers, "my daughter is stolen from my roof! I claim, I command your protection for her!"

Sir Thomas answered not, but his hand shook violently, as he inspected the flints and priming of a pair of pistols.

“Answer me! for now, the sacred charge of my departed wife is in the power of a ravisher.”

“Follow!” cried the ambassador.

It was midnight when our friends arrived at the grand square of the Kremlin. A heart-rending sight encountered them. The square was filled with troops; the Opritchnina blocked up every avenue. Loud jokes and laughter passed from squadron to squadron, as groups of wretches, in despair, were giving vent to their misery.

“My life, my chattels, my sons, were all his own; but my wife, the partner of my honest home, whom God, in sanctity, had given me, he has no right to! Her life he might have claimed, but not her honour!”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ” shouted the merry Opritchnina. “ By St. Nicholas ! if our good master has made choice of her, think thyself thrice honoured, though I doubt it, for the Czar is somewhat dainty ; and I question much if he would take thy leavings, brother.”

“ My child ! my child ! ” vociferated another, whose voice would have melted a heart of stone, “ have mercy !—let me pass !—spare her ! O spare her ! villains, let me have way ! ”

The butt-end of a cross-bow answered him on the head ; stunned, he fell to the ground.

But man is selfish in affliction as in pleasure ; the despair of these wretched beings was unheeded ; Sir Thomas thought only of Grace ; Wilmington heard only the imagined cries of his child.

Sir Thomas had given to his followers the pass-word—it was “ Elizabeth ; ” the rendezvous, the church of the Assumption.

He led the way. “ Space for the ambassa-

dor of England!" he cried, to the first of the Opritchnina who stopped his passage.

"Would your ambassadorship awake our Czar from his slumbers?" asked an officer of that distinguished corps.

"Has your sovereign insured your head?" added another.

And the squadron joined in the merriment of their leaders.

At that moment a shot was heard, followed by a tumult of many voices, and soldiers were observed gathering outside the palace, and pointing their matchlocks towards the roof.

Immediately all eyes were strained to discern, between them and the coming dawn, the outline of the object of their curiosity.

Was it a dream? Something moved on the dome of the private chapel of the Kremlin. A leap from the minaret to the roof, discovered to the searching glance of Sir Thomas the discernible form of the monkey; and for a mo-

ment he shuddered, as shots were fired in quick succession, on the appearance of his favourite.

A faint hope, however, arose in his breast. He remembered that the palace communicated, by secret passages underground, with the buildings of the Temple; and that the catacombs were a known means of access to the private chapel of the Czars.

Leaving Wilmington to the protection of Tuberville and his followers, Sir Thomas hurried into the cathedral.

That night the new metropolitan was officiating in the numberless masses for the departed Czarina.

The church had been purified with holy water after the catastrophe of Jocko's visit. Their saintships were set up in their respective places, and exorcisms had been performed to keep the devil out of the Temple, in a fashion that effectually quieted the qualms of the orthodox priesthood.

Sir Thomas glided along a shaded aisle of the Temple as he sought the entrance to the catacombs. A light suddenly broke upon his path; it came from the vaults. Guided by its beam, he rushed into the mysterious labyrinth.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“ Il etait capable de porter des fardeaux assez lourds.”—  
HIST. DES SINGES.

“ La tortora innocente  
Palpita per timor,  
Se il sibilo risente  
Del serpe insidiator  
D' intorno al nido.”

WHEN Jocko escaped from the intended embraces of the Czar, he soon discovered that any thing but a kindly disposition towards him had succeeded the discovery of his disguise. The blasphemous execrations of the tyrant had roused the attendants and guards, so that his life was in jeopardy. But before the sentries

could intercept his progress, he had scaled the framework of a high casement, the upper part of which formed in the manner of folding-doors, easily opened to his pressure, and suffered him to escape. He gained the vast extent of roof of the Kremlin, but not before an arquebus had sent an ineffectual messenger to arrest his progress. It would have been a difficult matter to have followed him in his now elevated position, and although a legion was dispersed in various directions with orders to secure him, the diversified elevations of terraces, domes, and cupolas, favoured his escape, effectually concealing and protecting him from the random shots of his pursuers. Pug at a glance surveyed his danger, and made for that asylum which has often protected delinquents of more Christian pretension—the church. A long narrow roofing connected the palace with the ancient edifice of Spass-na-boru. A slender and gaily gilt cupola offered a means of de-



scent. Having gained a footing, Jocko suffered himself to slide down one of the buttresses which surrounded the base of the minaret, when he caught a glimpse of the Czar's guardsmen, looking upwards, evidently awaiting his appearance. Ere he was perceived, a small aperture or window in the building enabled him to enter. It was the private chapel of the Czar, which, as before described, connected the palace, by means of a subterranean passage through the catacombs, with the old cathedral. Alighting on the Greek cross, Pug quietly lowered himself down to the altar, and thence to the floor. He now commenced his journey of discoveries; a large portal, somewhat ajar, attracted his attention. The sound of approaching steps next met his ear. Deterred in that quarter from escape, he hurriedly groped around. A small door, with a grating above, now attracted his observation. Climbing up to the bars, a faint light was visible. He

endeavoured to open it, but it resisted his strength. The opposite door was now thrown open, and a light was diffused round the chapel; when Jocko made a last desperate effort, and the impediment gave way. He had not been discovered, and with his usual sagacity, he closed the door after him.

He quickly advanced. He cautiously descended a flight of steps which lay before him. The increasing light from the vaults enabled him to make his further way. Nearer he approached—but man—man, his prototype, his tyrant and persecutor, was even there, and he shrank in the darkness to make observation. The figure that first met his view was stationary. A lamp displayed the face. The glassy eye seemed to be rivetted on the monkey, and the hue that overspread the features had something in it so appalling to Pug, that even the immovability of the personage before him terrified him the more. He neither stirred nor

breathed: the death-like stillness around seemed to have extended its influence to our volatile traveller. A *ci-devant* monkey, stuffed and cased in glass, might have rivalled Jocko's fixed gravity.

At length a shriek, which seemed to come from the direction of the private chapel, which he had just quitted, roused him. It came again, and a tremor shook the very jaws of Jocko.

He crawled along, as if endued with human feelings and with powers of reason, to the place whence the sounds proceeded.

But fear was strongly upon him. Slowly he approached. Again he listened.

"Spare—O spare me! for my father's sake!"

"Thou shalt be spared, my sweet one, for him, for me," answered a man's voice. "My love shall be to thee and thine a fortune."

"In this hour of tribulation," continued the voice of a young girl, in a language unknown

to her companion, "send down thy mercy, O God! to a poor sinner's need!"

It was the voice of Grace Wilmington. Its tones, though in terror, came to the ear of Jocko with a sense of joy—of safety. He leapt, he sprung towards his benefactress. His pleasure, however, received a sudden check. In a small retiring room, beyond the chapel, he witnessed her struggles in the arms of one of that hostile race, who had lately so often beset and terrified him—comprehended danger to his mistress, and grinned vengeance on her enemy.

The poor girl, in an ineffectual struggle with the ravisher, was yielding gradually to his superior strength. The libertine had disencumbered himself of his sabre; but ere it was fairly out of his possession, the monkey at a bound seized the weapon, and flourished it before him.

Never was saint or sinner more effectually

subdued by an apparition of the unnamed. He staggered back a few paces; but if he lost his presence of mind, Jocko, who may not be supposed to share this weakness of the human species, lost not his advantage.

The vault he had just left was at least a refuge from the present danger. He exerted his strength, by pulling at her dress, to increase her speed. The shining weapon he had made free with, he was in no humour to relinquish. Slowly he urged on the bewildered girl, before the terrified sight of the paralyzed and superstitious Russian. He gained the door, and then the descent, before the ruffian could collect his bewildered senses. But soon a shout of alarm was heard, and voices responding. That shout seemed to recall the faculties of the young girl. She began to struggle from the grasp of Jocko, as he still made a continued progress in the vault. At length her fair hand coming in contact with the monkey's hairy

limb, she woke, as from a dream, in the sanctuary of her father's house, and gazed in wonderment around. A lamp, suspended over the embalmed bodies of saints, in the attitude of life, diffused its light over a ghastly exhibition of mortality. She believed that she had travelled in sleep, like a somnambulist, and that her faithful Jocko had followed her to protect her from harm, and was now forcing her away from danger. She mechanically favoured his progress, and imagined that the panorama of death around was some phantom of her unquiet slumbers.

The shouts which had terrified her were now continued, followed by oaths and boisterous vociferation. They came nearer. Jocko hurried his companion on—another step, and the tortuous passage would conceal them from view. A voice louder than the rest was heard in a tone of command.

It reached the ear—the recollection of poor

Grace. At once the consciousness of all the dangers she had passed returned. She perceived—she felt that the monkey was seeking her preservation. She sprang forward; but immediately in her path was placed one of those shrivelled inhabitants of the vaults, over whose ashy features fell the light of the lamp, and her limbs barely supported her sinking frame. Jocko endeavoured to drag her on in vain. The steps were fast approaching; a light poured in upon them from the torches of the pursuers. A score of guardsmen were visible, following their leader, one by one, as the width of the passage would not admit of more. Grace had retired with Jocko behind the mummied saint, whose appearance had terrified her.

Brutes, as well as men, are sensible of the approach of danger; and the former, equally with the latter, evince alacrity to escape from it. Jocko, not feeling himself sufficiently secure

in his present hiding place, yielded to his fears, and hastily crossed the path of the pursuers, bearing before him, as a shield, to protect him from such missiles as he had been made feelingly to appreciate, the whole, but easily carried mummy, behind which he had ensconced himself.

“A fig for the devil! I warrant ye this arquebus will make a hole in his skin, be it ever so black and fireproof.”

“Be cautious how ye advance,” said another; “for aught we know, he may have turned off into one of these side-vaults.”

“For aught we know, indeed, brother, he may have taken a lodging in thy unholy body, considering the preference of his black majesty for favourite haunts.”

They had now approached the spot where Jocko was concealed, and, according to custom, bent their heads before the sainted mummy.



But what was their amazement and horror, when the relic was observed to move forward!

The body of the dead saint undoubtedly moved; but the bodies of the living warriors of his Czarine majesty most certainly ran, and instantly disappeared; whilst Jocko, in possession of the field, boldly moved on, effectually concealing himself behind the dried parchment shield already described.

The panic which took possession of the body-guard, effectually cleared the catacombs of the whole troop, and again all was still in those silent abodes of the dead. The fears of Jocko having vanished with the heroic guards, he returned to Grace, who had remained passive. The friendly pair were now enabled to proceed with more dispatch on their further way.

The tumult in the vault had alarmed the congregation in the Temple, occupied in nightly masses for the soul of the departed Czarina.

The movement of Sir Thomas, who, before they could prevent him, had penetrated into the mysterious catacombs, had roused the indignation of all the pious Muscovites who witnessed it, and who were scandalized by this intrusion of the heretic, which was contrary to their laws, and which, in that day, forbade his admission. It was a scandal not to be endured.

Their dismay increased, when they beheld him emerge from the vaults, bearing in his arms a young female, and they would have fallen upon him in their wrath, had not his appearance been succeeded by that of the dreaded foe of the human race, for such was the character they ascribed to Jocko.

Horror seized them at the apparition. Their rage gave place to terror, as, without obstruction, the Englishman, supporting his burthen, effected his exit from the Temple in safety.

Wilmington, during his absence, had under-

gone inexpressible torture. He had in vain essayed to obtain admittance at the palace in his capacity of court physician. The *entré* that night was denied to all but the revellers and their victims. He rejoined Tuberville, but the pen has not power to describe the agony of the parent. It lasted but a few moments. The pass-word was heard, and in an instant every Englishman within its sound flew to the rescue. It was Sir Thomas, bearing in his arms the daughter of Wilmington, and followed by Jocko.

The joy of Wilmington was silent—it had no words. Not so with Tuberville and his followers. A hearty cheer from true British lungs welcomed the escape of their countrywoman, and forming a guard around the party, they proved a trusty escort. The crowd had gathered at the call of the priests, and with menaces and execrations accompanied them

home, making divers attempts to destroy Jocko; but being ever good-humouredly repelled by his protectors, headed by the gallant George Tuberville.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“ Ce qu’il y a de certain, c’est que le tzar permit aux Luthériens d’avoir un temple a Moscou.”—KARAMSIN.

“ Il avait permis aux Luthériens et aux Calvinistes d’avoir des églises à Moscou. Il est vrai qu’il les fit brûler l’une et l’autre cinq ans plus tard, soit par crainte du scandale, soit parce qu’elles excitaient le mécontentement du peuple.”

“ Si spiega assai, chi s’arrossisce, e tace.”

THE mob forbore, however, from an attack upon the house of the embassy. A secret awe for those possessed of the powers of necromancy restrained them ; but their fury required a vent, and the church of the Lutherans was now the object of their hatred. They proceeded towards it.

The pastor, however, domiciled near the spot, was warned in time, and fled. He sought the protection of the British ambassador, whilst the Temple of his faith was burnt to the ground.

But the English party, roused by the menaces of the populace, were in the mean time in great alarm. Sir Thomas was in painful meditation.

He had long been convinced that the beautiful daughter of his friend had become indispensable to his happiness. He recalled the preference which, spite her retired manner, Grace betrayed for him in look or word; and his generous breast warmed with gratitude for the return of his ardent affection, which, in the modesty of his true regard for the lovely girl, he was often prone to despair of.

The doctor supported his child, as she clung to him in the tumult of her feelings. He had aged years in that night of fearful suspense.

But his energies were not subdued, and he addressed the representative of his country in a calm but solemn tone—

“My noble friend!” said Wilmington, grasping with one hand that of Sir Thomas with fervour, whilst the other pressed Grace to his breast, “I am beholden to thee for much; but I will lay claim to greater proofs of thy friendship. Our safety is at an end in Moscow; but Providence watches over us, and favours our virtuous exertions. Sir Thomas, there is no home for my child but this—till we leave Moscow. I claim—I demand it as a right.”

The agitation of Sir Thomas was extreme—a tear started in his eye.

“The queen, your mistress,” continued Wilmington, “did, at the earnest request of the Czar, appoint me physician to his majesty. The term has expired—I claim my congé. Twice in my stay I have restored him to health.

In return, he would rob me of more than life—of honour. The contract is broken.”

Sir Thomas made no answer, but motioning to Wilmington to give him a private hearing, the doctor, after many fond and assuring caresses to his child, supported her to a couch, and then rejoined the ambassador.

The conference was opened at first with much seeming embarrassment and emotion on the part of Sir Thomas. The doctor appeared unnerved by all the anxiety he had undergone, and at length gave vent to his feelings, called forth by the generous sentiments of his friend. After some moments of extreme excitement, he returned to Grace.

All this while Jocko, who was not at all of a romantic or sentimental turn, and who had borne his perils with a degree of equanimity truly admirable, now conscious of his comparative safety, was giving loose to an extraordinary



ebullition of joy, with many frantic demonstrations. Still in possession of the sword of the Czarevitch, he brandished it around him, to the no small peril of his best friends; and when his martial prowess had abated, he sprang upon his master's shoulders, sent aloft his cap and plume, then gave Tuberville a turn, twisting his ruffles in direct contradiction to the rules of fashion, and now he crouched at the feet of Grace, twitching her dress, to recall her to a participation in his delight.

Sir Thomas would have interfered, but Grace was suddenly awakened to the presence of her little friend, and one sweet word from those lips disarmed his wrath.

Tuberville had been called away, and Sir Thomas, glancing around, found himself alone with the lovely girl, he seized her hand.

“One word, sweet Grace! Vouchsafe me a hearing,” said the ambassador, in a tremulous voice. “In these moments of anguish to thy

gentle spirit, the events of the few last hours must plead for my rash suit. But pardon, gentle one, as thou dost love thy spotlessness, thy father's honour, pardon my abrupt confession. My heart, my love is thine, all thine ; I worship thee as my honour, the which is dearer to me than life. Trust me, sweet Grace ! and if thou thinkest 'twere possible in thee, when I have more deserved it, to make me some requital in thy regard, now let the name of England's ambassador shield thee as his honoured wife from harm. My Grace ! sweet Grace ! hide not that face which is, to this fond heart, like the glorious sun, which veiled, leaves desolation !" and Sir Thomas pressed with deep emotion the little hand which trembled in his own, but was not withdrawn.

“ Heed not the abruptness of my entreaty ; my affections, my fears, my respect, embolden me at this time to urge my suit, to shield thee from harm. Grace ! dear Grace ! be mine,

this hour, this moment! Though thou mayst entertain no love for me, mine has no selfish thought. I am thy slave, and do thou use me as a servant, in thy need!"

The beautiful tresses of the lovely girl, in their then disorder, were a happy veil to her blushes.

"My love shall hallow thee, sweet Grace! Accept my name; to time we'll leave the proof of my devotion. And when thy gentle heart is quieted—when England's shore is the proud bulwark of our sacred home, then, only then, will I assert a husband's right. Thy father gives consent.

The emotion of Grace was almost painful to witness; an epoch of life had been crowded into the last few hours of existence; her overwrought brain had laboured with her terrors till it confused her thought; but the tones of Sir Thomas had recalled her to a vivid sense of all that had passed. Gradually she gave way;

and when the ambassador named her father's consent, her head drooped upon his shoulder, and she burst into a flood of tears.

The voice of George Tuberville was heard, and before Sir Thomas could resume the self-possession and dignity of his character, the lovers were confronted by his secretary, the doctor, and a stranger, whose appearance was of the clerical order.

Tuberville cast a wistful glance at the confidential position in which he had surprised the parties, and on any other occasion would have made due apology for the intrusion; but that morning was not one for punctilio and ceremony, and though Sir Thomas looked as if he wished his secretary on the top of Greenwich observatory, the youth's business entirely related to the hemisphere of his friends on this occasion, and whatever were his passing reflections on certain probabilities connected with certain perceptibilities, with as much delicacy as he could

command, he appeared not to heed the prodromi of terrestrial affinities, however much they might eclipse his own light.

“ Sir Thomas, by your leave,” said he, with affected nonchalance, “ methinks the Czar of Muscovy will declare war against the territory of our hotel, for here comes to claim your protection the pastor of the Lutheran church; the lieges of his majesty having burnt him out.

Sir Thomas advanced to receive, with English hospitality, the prelate.

“ My welcome, respected sir, and such shelter and store as my roof affords, pray you command; and, lest a sense of obligation should burthen you, in the name of all present right speedily will I acquit you thereof, so you be willing to favour us.”

A few confidential words passed between them, in which joined Master Wilmington, and then did the ambassador issue orders for the

attendance of all the English officers of his household.

The summons was promptly obeyed; and then and there, in the presence of approving friends, with the fervent blessings of every loyal heart, and the invocation of Him "from whom all blessings flow," were Sir Thomas Randolph and Grace Wilmington made one.

Grace then withdrew, attended by her father, who enjoined her to seek repose, and her husband returned to wait on his guests.

The banquet was spread, and the pastor having asked a blessing, all did freely partake of the good cheer.

George Tuberville soon recovered his composure, though somewhat discomfited by the departure, as he styled it, of Grace; and taking upon himself the responsibility of summoning into the presence every individual of high or low degree of the household, who boasted an

English name, he commanded every goblet to be filled to the brim, and was about to make an eloquent speech, rich in elaborate tropes and elegant metaphor, when conflicting emotions suffused his breast, flushed his cheek—a tear started in his eye, and all he could pronounce, as he gave the toast, was

“The ambassadress of England.”

A mighty cheer rent the hall—it echoed far and wide, from the stout lungs of loyal Englishmen; it shook the desetnik of the Strelitz stationed at the gate, who started and primed their matchlocks; it reverberated in the chamber of Grace, and awoke the Lady Randolph from one of the happiest dreams that had ever enlivened her slumbers.

## CHAPTER XV.

“ Jean Basilowitz fit clouer le chapeau sur la tête d'un ambassadeur Italien qui s'etait couvert en sa presence.”—*RELATION DE LA MOSCOVIE, 1687.*

“ This Juan Vasilowiag nail'd an ambassador's hat to his head.”—*COLLINS.*

“ Le fier Anglais (Randolph) offensé de cette injure, se couvrit sur le champ.”—*KARAMSIN.*

“ He not only put on his hat, but cockt it before him.”—*CRULL.*

THE night of debauch and profligacy was at an end. The sun, bright and cheerful, held its brilliant course over the vast city. As if in mockery of the misery of man, its smiling beams reflected on the glittering spires and



minarets of the thousand churches of Moscow, seemed to call humanity to life and hope.

But the unsated destroyer was at hand. Bursting from the precincts of the palace, a troop of horsemen appeared, headed by the Czar and his worthy son. Each trooper supported before him a female. Defenceless and subdued, the victims of lust were passive, and insensible to insult. The wife's honour and the mother's pride were extinct in them, and the beams of the sun fell on cheeks that blushed to meet them.

The cortège advanced in order as the monarch led the way. That servile crew, prompt to ravish innocence, were now ready to take the life they had rendered worthless. As the monster advanced, each one speculated on the next whim of their master.

But Ivan left this additional work of ferocity undone, and having paraded the victims round the walls of the city, and, for pastime,

set fire to the farms of the disgraced Boyars, which happened to lie in his path, extirminated their servants and cattle; restored, with a mockery of attention and consideration, every female to her home, where many died of shame, or expired from the brutal treatment they had received.

But the despot—the assassin of womankind, could not forget the bitter disappointment he had received in encountering the hideous form that substituted the lovely Grace Wilmington. In vain he endeavoured to chase from his mind the demon-shape that met his amorous gaze. Rage fired his eye. His cheek, his quivering lip, bleeding from the unconscious infliction of his teeth, evinced his inward wrath. His suspicious glance, as it rested on the countenances of his companions in licentiousness, seemed to detect there a lurking sneer of derision; and the vent his choler found, was in the extermination of his prostrate subjects.

The worthy Czarevitch was at his side—emulating the deeds of his parent. It was yet unknown to both how similar had been their disappointments, and each fearing the other's opinion, was little disposed to that mutual confidence which usually took place on the morrow succeeding a night of feast, accompanied with quaint remark and jokes upon their companions, and their victims.

It was long past the hour appointed for the reception of ambassadors, when the monarch returned to the palace. So abstracted had he been, that not till he perceived the train of attendants, the pomp of the military assembled, and the high dignitaries of state and church awaiting, did he recall to mind the business of the day; and with increased mortification did he perceive this neglect of his duties. Ascending the steps of the hall, a throng of Boyars, in gorgous array, made homage as he passed.

Entering the chamber, he first perceived Sir

Thomas Randolph standing near the doorway, who gave the customary salute on his approach. The arm of a female was drawn within his own; her person was covered from head to foot with a white veil. The Czar appeared not to have noticed them, but an indescribable emotion pervaded him, and his brow lowered in deeper frown.

The Boyars, who had lived long enough to know the meaning of every look of the Czar, turned pale. His majesty ascended the throne.

Right and left the dignitaries resumed their seats, covered, according to custom, with their high caps of fur. The Czarevitch took his place at the foot of the throne. A solemn silence reigned; the favourite Viazemsky, and even the buffoons, were mute.

The Conte Moriano, a stripling diplomatist, on a mission to the Czar from an Italian state, was presented.

This youthful representative of a small state,

was possessed of conceit rather proportionate to his estimation of himself, than his master's power; and as the Boyars remained covered in the presence of their Muscovite sovereign, the Conte took a similar license to wear his own beaver.

Now it happened that the Jesuit, Possevin, had enlightened the Czar as to the states and power of Italian princes, and when Ivan detected the ambassador's omission, he commanded his approach.

“Thy name?”

“The Conte Moriano, late colonel of the guard, and minister plenipotentiary, as your majesty doth know. My master greets you with professions of regard, and offers of support by land and sea.”

There was a smile on the lips of Ivan.

“Thy master's liberality doth merit our requital. What say ye, Boyars? Shall we form alliance with this great and mighty prince?”

Here, by true vouchers, have we proof that the territories of the duke reach from the banks of the Po—even to the sea; whose area measures something less than that of Moscow city!"

The ambassador felt uneasy, and forgot he wore his beaver.

The Czar continued—

"The land forces of this same sovereign amount to the formidable array of fivescore fighting men!

"Now, wisehead," said his majesty, as he overheard the buffoon, Griaznoi, laughing to himself, "unless thou show good cause why thou dost forget the august presence of the ambassador, the noble Conte Moriano, shall we scourge thee for thy presumption?"

"Save your servant, Ivan Vassilivitch, methought the ambassador was late colonel of the duke's forces?"

"And what an he were?"

"Please your majesty, I have heard that a

commander-in-chief, once upon a time, led the van of his army; and not deigning to count the numbers, called out to them to march four a-breast; whereupon he was answered by the trumpeter, 'We are only three with the drummer.' Now, with your majesty's leave, methinks this must have been the general of the land forces of the royal Italian duke."

The smile of the Czar saved the buffoon.

"Count Moriano," resumed the autocrat, "we should have courted the alliance of the duke, thy master, none the less for his humble sway. But be it known to thy most noble ambassadorship, that in proof of our admiration of thy greatness, in approaching our presence wearing thy beaver, though the same be deemed an affront in thine own country, we do adjudge thee to continue henceforward the new fashion thou hast adopted. Maluta, see it nailed to his head!"

The Italian fell upon his knees; but ere a

moment had elapsed, the ready ministers to the will of an autocrat were provided with the necessary implements.

Ere the fatal nail was driven into the brain of the Italian, a woman's shriek was heard; and, at the same moment, Sir Thomas Randolph rushed forward to arrest the arm lifted to strike. 'Twas too late;—the beaver of the Italian ambassador shadowed the brow of a corpse.

Sir Thomas Randolph shuddered. He turned from the body, and the approving smile of a servile assembly met his indignant eye.

The eyes of the Czar twinkled as he chuckled with joy at the terrors he imagined he had inspired in the breast of the Englishman.

Sir Thomas, with a sweeping glance of abhorrence and indignation, which comprehended all the assistants in the horrid tragedy he had witnessed, fixed on the Czar a look of calm and proud defiance. His breast heaved with



the honest emotions of his soul. Outraged humanity extinguished in him every feeling of respect for the detested monster in whose presence he stood. His commanding figure, elevated to its full height, he advanced two paces with a firm and determined step; and whilst his eye encountered that of the Czar, slowly raised his hat, and placed it on his head; and, as if to confirm his defiance of the murderer, he struck down the crown thereof, to fasten the covering more firmly on his brow.

The action, the look, the bearing of the British ambassador, asserting the rights of humanity, stepping forth from the limits of diplomatic rule, and proclaiming the law of nature, impressed the bystanders with an overpowering astonishment at his audacity. Each Boyar stood up—the hatchets of the guard were lifted to strike. The Czar himself rose from his seat, stung by the bold defiance of the Englishman.

“Rash man! what meanest thou? Seest thou not at thy feet the consequence of presumption? Knowest thou not the fate that awaits thee?”

“Czar, I know my fate depends not on *thee*. The representative of Elizabeth, England’s mighty queen, defies thy threats. Will she not, thinkest thou, revenge her ambassador? Should my head be perilled here, then look to thine own, as well as all these mighty Boyars, who have so approvingly looked on during the slaughter of an ambassador. The sacredness of kings belongs to the person of an ambassador. He is protected by the law of nations, as well as by the law of God. The presumption of this inexperienced youth might have excited thy pity, not thy vengeance.”

The autocrat had shrunk back into his seat, awed by the speaker’s eloquence.

The tyrant had moments of magnanimity, which have puzzled his contemporaries and

historians. Brilliant, though evanescent, they have served as a pretext for panegyric, and have thus enabled them to hand down to posterity some redeeming traits in his character.

Amazement was depicted on the faces of the Boyars. The Czar, with a reproachful expression of voice and look, turned towards his counsellors and subjects, exclaiming—

“Which of you would dare to do this for me?” Then turning to Sir Thomas, with a countenance reflecting for the moment sentiments which, if lasting, had rendered his name glorious in future ages, replied—

“Has Sir Thomas Randolph any injustice to complain of, which may touch the honour of the representative of our well-beloved sister, Elizabeth of England? Speak freely, and say not we are more ready to punish insolence than to do justice to merit.”

At these words Sir Thomas Randolph, who

had hitherto maintained his proud attitude, now gracefully took off his hat, with that admirable dignity which was natural to him, and made obeisance to the Czar. Then approaching a group of persons who had remained in the background, he again advanced, supporting a lady on his arm. On either side of him were Master Tuberville and Wilmington. When within a few steps of the throne, he consigned the lady to the care of his companions, and bending his knee, thus addressed Ivan—

“ Great Czar! I have, indeed, whereof to complain. Last night, some miscreants, bent on villany, did forcibly enter the dwelling of an Englishman, and in his absence did, from his honest roof, purloin his daughter, and bring her into your palace; when, by a miracle, as it doth appear, her rescue came, and saved her from a fate all honourable men would dread to think upon. ’Tis justice I demand, that, for

this flagrant breach of law, the offender may be brought to punishment.”

The Czar coloured with self-accusing guilt; but as the ambassador did not name the sufferer, and only advanced that a girl was brought to the palace, he quickly concluded that some English merchant's daughter, and not Wilmington's, had been thus used. Readily conceiving that he could not be implicated in the nefarious transaction, the Czar stoutly attested that, if Sir Thomas would make known the accuser and the accused, justice should be done, whatever might be the rank of the parties.

A gleam of satisfaction spread over the manly countenance of the ambassador, as he bowed, and rising from that kneeling posture, led forward the lady, and again addressed the autocrat.

“The British maiden thus insulted, and who besought the protection of the representative of her country's sovereign, was Grace, daughter

of Walter Wilmington, physician at your court, but now the Lady Randolph."

At the announcement of her name, Grace tremblingly lifted the veil, and, more beautiful than ever, stood before the Czar.

Ivan, with the full consciousness of his own dastardly scheme for the ruin of the lovely creature, was exasperated at the development of further projects of villany, and met with uneasiness the innocent blush of the Englishwoman. His suspicious mind was impressed with the conviction that some faithless subject had endeavoured to cheat him of his prey. He maintained, however, sufficient composure to enact the part of innocence; and granted a semblance of protection, and made a show of justice, to the English ambassador's wife.

"Now, by St. Serge! fair lady, will we see thee righted; and if in our dominions the ruffian lurks, we will straightway drag him

forth, and make such example of the miscreant as shall forewarn all future evil-doers.”

Before that vast assembly, where a thousand eyes were fixed on her beautiful countenance in wonder and admiration, the conscious girl, who had come there roused with indignation, now felt her self-possession forsake her. Within a few paces' length she espied and recognised the villain who had seized upon her person—it was the Czarevitch. Her tongue faltered, and refused to give utterance to her charge. Her limbs shook, and overcome with honest shame, she fell into her father's arms.

Whilst this was passing, Master Tuberville had not been an idle spectator. The features of an officer of the guard had rivetted his attention, whilst the Russian's eye sank before his own.

Impelled by a chivalrous spirit, he bent his knee before the sovereign.

“Grant me your patience, mighty prince!

Last night it was my chance to be within hearing of the lady's scream, when the villains were bearing her away. I was overpowered by numbers in attempting her rescue; and there stands, in presence of your majesty, the leader of that lawless troop."

"Now, Athanasius Viazemsky, lest thou disprove the words of this cavalier, by the blood of St. Nicholas! thy life shall pay the forfeit of this outrage."

The wily Russian felt that his only chance of safety lay in his effrontery, and without hesitation, calling all the saints of Russia to witness, stoutly denied the charge.

The Czar glanced at Tuberville, and then at Viazemsky. His discrimination readily noted the confidence of the one, and detected the guilt of the other.

"How is this?" he observed. "Shall we decide without witness? The lady shall explain."



But it may not be wondered at that a being so formed for retirement should be overpowered by the presence of a sovereign and a crowd of courtiers. Unable to proffer a word from a confused sense of indignation and shame, her face became suffused with blushes, her eyes filled with tears, and the father and husband withdrew the lovely girl to the further end of the apartment.

But Master George was still himself; the same measured and calm delivery of speech characterised the stripling poet. No extraordinary animation of feature or of manner was discernible, and he continued—

“With all deference to your majesty’s supreme discernment, I hold it difficult to decide on such contradictory evidence. The Prince Viazemsky doth contend that he is innocent of that of which I do accuse him, whilst I do solemnly assert, he was the man who led the ruffians to possess my friend’s daughter. Now,

my liege ! 'tis customary, where gentlemen cannot otherwise adjust their quarrels with their equals, that he who feels himself injured shall demand reparation. So, may it please your majesty, I do beseech the Prince Viazemsky be commanded to appear against me, in mortal combat ; and, in the presence of this assembly, give I unto thy subject, Athanasius Viazemsky, prince, the lie, and do now challenge him to encounter me, armed with sword and dagger, when, with my sturdy weapon, will I prove him a caitiff—liar !”

There was a general smile throughout the assembly when these words were carefully recapitulated by the interpreter. In sooth, it was a novel sight for the Russians to behold a mere stripling challenging a bearded warrior of the legion of the Opritchnina. The youthful astrologer, however, was above the common height, but so slender, so delicately fair, that the majority there would have given him more

credit for wielding a distaff than a sword. And this doubt of his warlike powers was materially heightened by the apparel of Master George. He was equipped in a white satin vest, the sleeves of which fitted closely to his wrist. A doublet of chestnut brown, richly ornamented with delicate embroidery, to correspond. A belt, ornamented with precious stones, sustained his sword and dagger. His stockings and his trunks were also white; and his garters and shoes of buff, were tied with white ribbons. Altogether his effeminate appearance prejudiced the Boyars against his prowess; and when no less a personage than the Prince Viazemsky, one of the most sanguinary of the legion of the Opritchnina, was challenged by him, their contempt for the young cavalier was scarcely restrained, and but for the presence of the Czar, would have exhibited itself in a very general burst of laughter.

“He says most truly,” quickly interrupted

the Czar, who did not wish a further exposé with the English ambassador, “and a right noble proposition.” It hath our consent. Viazemsky! we command thee to give the foreigner satisfaction for that of which he accuses thee, this very hour; and prepare thyself forthwith, for we will view this feat of arms.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

“ Les Boyards, pour se vanger de luy, persuaderent au Czar de luy donner un cheval sauvage à dresser, et l’ambassadeur le fit avec tant d’adresse, le menagea si bien, et le fatigua tellement, qu’il le fit crever sous luy.”—RELATION CURIEUSE.

“ This made them persuade the emperour to give him a wild horse to tame, which he did, managing him with such rigour, that the horse grew so tyr’d and tam’d, that he fell down dead under him.”—COLLINS.

“ His swift and savage breed  
 Had nerved him like the mountain roe ;  
       \*          \*          \*          \*  
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,  
 And reeking limbs immoveable,  
 His first and last career is done !”

WHILST the combatants were preparing for the lists, the Czar was informed that a beautiful horse, present from a tributary khan, had

arrived; his majesty commanded that it should be led into the court before the palace. Ivan approached the casement to view the animal. When it appeared, a murmur of admiration ran through the assembled Boyars.

“ In truth he was a noble steed,  
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,  
Who look'd as though the speed of thought  
Were in his limbs: but he was wild,  
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught;  
With spur and bridle undefiled—  
'Twas but a day he had been caught;  
And snorting, with erected mane,  
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,  
In the full foam of wrath and dread,  
The desert-born was led.”

The emperor was enchanted—a novel source of excitement was before him; and on the instant commands were issued that the wild horse should be caparisoned, for the first time, and mounted in his presence.

The rider of the horse experienced, however, that the saddle was on the wrong one, for no sooner had he vaulted into his seat, than he was thrown.

Again the steed was secured; another attempted, and met with a similar fate. Ivan looked on enraged—not at the discomfiture of his servants, but at the rebellion of the noble animal to his will—and turning to Godounoff, whose courage and equestrian skill were well known, he commanded him to subdue the yet unconquered brute.

The courtier turned pale, but prepared to obey. Sir Thomas Randolph advancing, gave much friendly counsel to the young Russian on the mode of managing this fierce steed, which emanated from his own experience, he being a right chivalrous knight, and well skilled in horsemanship.

Meanwhile a thought suggested itself to the wily Russian, that the Englishman might

be turned to a better account than giving advice; appealing therefore to his majesty, he insinuated that from modesty alone he was induced to decline the honour, whilst such a competent equestrian as the English ambassador was present, who, doubtless, on such an occasion, would be proud to exhibit his address in such august presence, to pleasure his majesty.

The feeling which had prompted the kindly interference of Sir Thomas did honour to his heart. He considered the safety of a fellow-creature was endangered; any information, therefore, that he could give, which might offer an additional security to the slave of a monarch's whim, he considered an act of humanity. But finding his generous sentiments thus maliciously interpreted, he turned a look of contempt on the minion, and answered the ungrateful suggestion by stating that, in the capacity of England's envoy, he came not



to instruct his majesty's subjects in the noble art of horsemanship.

The allusion of Godounoff, however, was quickly seized upon by the envious courtiers. The chances were against the success of their countryman in mastering the steed. Each feared lest his own turn might come to be summoned to the attempt, and the neck of the Englishman was at least not equal, in their estimation, to the value of theirs.

A sneer was visible on the countenances of the Boyars.

"Methinks your majesty," said one, "that the ambassador is most prudent. In his own country, doubtless, the breed is tamer, in which case horse and man are better suited to each other."

"Perhaps my liege," observed another, "the ambassador who lords it so bravely in your royal presence, with his beaver on, bold as

he looks, might nevertheless hesitate ere he ventured to bestride your gallant steed."

These shafts of malice fell harmless and unheded by Sir Thomas, who was not to be roused by the dastardly insinuations of men for whom he entertained no other sentiment than contempt.

"Fain would we witness," said the Czar, "a specimen of that horsemanship of England's chivalry, so often vaunted in our ears. Sir Thomas, we would know if thy country can produce aught that will compare with the well-known skill of our subjects. Wouldst thou pleasure us? Wouldst thou dare——"

"Mighty Czar! The subjects of my queen dare all that is honourable and possible. I accede to your majesty's request."

The jealous Boyars enjoyed the anticipation of the Englishman's discomfiture.

"Now, by the saints! will we witness thy

dexterity," said Ivan; and turning to the delighted courtiers, he ordered the animal to be brought again into his presence, before the balcony which commanded the space in front of the palace.

A curb was attached to the head of the noble animal, that now pranced into the area. Of pure Tartar breed, with distended nostrils, the hoofs of the proud courser spurned the dust. All was life and action.

A smile of malicious pleasure was visible on the features of Ivan, and of his courtiers. But Grace was in utter dismay, and it required all the self-possession which was manifest in the firm demeanour of her husband to restore her confidence. Sir Thomas, having resigned her to the charge of her father and George Tuberville, descended the steps to the arena. Exultation was evident in the countenance of the Czar, triumph in that of the Czarevitch, as he regarded the wife of the ambassador. The soul

of the devoted wife was in her eye, as she watched the rapid evolutions of the foaming beast, and followed every movement of him who was now to her more than life; and assuredly his life was in danger, as she surmised from the whispers which escaped those who surrounded her.

But those half-suppressed ejaculations of fear and envy are no longer—a portentous silence has succeeded. Sir Thomas Randolph, at a bound, vaulted upon the hitherto unconquered brute.

Like the spectator of a battle, upon the result of which defeat or victory depends, Ivan started forward as he beheld the master-power of the Englishman, and foresaw the probable result of that skill to which his subjects were unequal.

At first the brute was stupified, as it were, with surprise—for a moment subdued, he then attempted some slight feints, as if to

measure the power of his rider. And now the struggle for freedom commenced—it was a fearful one, and the hopes of the envious revived.

The silent prayers of Grace were addressed to Heaven.

The steed, unable to throw his rider, tried every means in his power to disencumber himself of his unwelcome companion. In vain he reared, or plunged, or whirled in mazy evolutions; darted on one side, and as quickly on the other; rushed forward, and as suddenly fell back; galloped furiously, and halted in mid-career. His rider seemed a part of himself. Deliberate—attentive—conscious of his power, he suffered the animal to exhaust himself in all his various attempts for freedom. And now in full sweep round the arena, he was taught to feel the indomitable power of his master. The strong curb, drawn by that steady

and fearless arm, threw him on his haunches. Again he practised every feint, strained every sinew, and the scourge lashed his foaming sides. That dreadful curb was all powerful. Again his mad career was stopped at once. His blood-stained jaws evinced his torment, their foam his rage. Wearied at length, exhausted, subdued, the proud steed, incapable of further resistance, gradually succumbed, and trembling in every joint, under the terrible punishment he had received, seemed tacitly to acknowledge the domination of man over the brute creation.

That portion of the populace within the precincts of the Kremlin that had beheld the achievement, had become intensely interested in the result. And when Sir Thomas gave the rein to his steed, they followed in his track with that impetus so inherent in mankind for the love of the wonderful. As the horseman

passed with rapidity, their breath was suspended, and a silence, almost awful, reigned over the crowd, and in the palace.

And now the admiration of the multitude burst forth in tumultuous shouts; for once they forgot the presence of their sovereign.

The mastered brute was reined in before the astonished Czar and his court, and ere Sir Thomas could alight, "fell down dead under him."

Springing from his back, the ambassador leapt the intervening space, mounted the steps of the Krasnoi Krittzo, and heedless of majesty, forgetting the assembled crowd, rushed to his bride, who, agitated by fear and hope, anguish and doubt, overwhelmed with gratitude to Providence for the safety of her husband, sank into his arms.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“Poor Pug was delivered over to the secular power, who chastised him so severely, that . . . .”—COLLINS'S RUSSIA.

“The monkey was condemned, and by peculiar order from the Patriarch, carried in public view as a criminal through the streets,” &c.—PERRY'S STATE OF RUSSIA.

“Vedutolo, il principe sputo in terra & deliberò che per l'avvenire non fosse data facoltà di poter combattere a forestieri contro li suoi.”—SIGISMONDO COMMENTARY.

“When the day came, and the Sun happened to be fully as much darkened as he had given out, the mob the same evening gathered about the house, and demanded the secretary, that they might burn and tear him to pieces.”—PERRY'S RUSSIA.

THE whole population of Moscow appeared to be in commotion that morning. Strange rumours were going abroad amongst a multitude



prone to the marvellous in a bigoted age, and blindly devoted to a superstitious priesthood. The new metropolitan was nearly in a state of frenzy, for the second apparition of Jocko in the temple appeared so miraculous, that it confirmed him in his suspicions that he was in verity the evil one. The populace, eager to receive, and too indolent to investigate the matter, added, by their fears, to his alarm, and propagated with much dispatch the rumour of the vicinity of the Devil.

Here was matter for novel observation on the learning of man, and much to his disparagement, when compared with the community of monkeys. For, even in that day, we have incontrovertible proof that the race of Jocko was in fact deified. "In Peru," says a contemporary of that age, "they keepe them very carefully, " holding them to be creatures beloved of God, " because they have their hands and feet like " humane creatures ;" and, again—"The people

“ of apes,” as Philostratus has called them, “ were  
“ no other than the pygmies immortalized by  
“ Homer, who, in his *Geranomachia*, relates,  
“ that the male line of that *nation* failing, one  
“ Gerana became their queen; a *woman* of an  
“ admired beauty, and whom the citizens wor-  
“ shipped as a goddess.” Thus, the degrading  
opinion of this Muscovite, that the genus was  
bedevilled, induces us to attribute such slander  
to malice; for though Paul Jove ventured to  
call certain liege subjects of the Czar “ ultra  
Lapones” men, it is evident that there were  
many sceptics, and Tyson has evidently classed  
the Samoiedes and Laplanders with pygmies,  
justly, as he thinks, refuting the traveller, who  
nevertheless asserts, that in voice and manner  
the nondescripts assimilated to monkeys.

But, whatever the conjecture may be, the  
fact was, that the loyal citizens of Moscow were,  
as we have before related, in no very enviable  
state of mind, and their increasing alarm me-

naced with fatal consequences our esteemed acquaintance, Jocko.

Whilst the English party were in attendance at the palace, a procession of all the church dignitaries and caloyers, in their official dress, armed with flambeaux, saints and relics, were progressing with becoming solemnity towards the mansion of the ambassador, headed by the new metropolitan.

First came a priest with a basin, a ewer, and napkin, to remove impurity of contact with the heretic.

Then followed three more, each bearing a red and white banner.

Next in succession were the priests, in their sacerdotal robes.

Four acolytes followed, with lanterns fixed on the tops of high poles.

Then came a huge cross, borne upon an horizontal one, each end of which rested upon the shoulders of a monk.

Next followed the images and relics, veiled, carried on the heads of caloyers.

And lastly, the metropolitan; a dais supported over him, and hundreds of priests closing the procession.

The household of the embassy were in attendance on Sir Thomas at the palace, and the few who remained behind, gave way before that formidable multitude. Jocko was surrendered to the priestly power—bound hand and foot, and placed in a cart.

The procession resumed its way to the place of executions, followed by the common hangman of the city, armed with the iron knotted knout.

A novel scene was mean time preparing in the court of the Kremlin. The lists were opened for mortal combat. Around, far as the vast space would admit, were ranged the spectators. All the troops in Moscow were present. The casements of the palace were crowded; an in-

tense interest was exhibited by the immense assembly, for the achievement of Sir Thomas in subduing the spirit of the wild horse, which several there had in vain essayed to master, had humbled in some measure their self-conceit, and silenced their sarcasm and ridicule. In fact, he had inspired them with rather a higher estimate of the prowess of his countrymen than they were disposed to acknowledge, and they now began to respect the juvenile, and almost effeminate, appearance of George Tuberville.

At a signal, a flourish of trumpets proclaimed the appearance of the combatants, who advanced from opposite sides of the arena. Appearances were mostly in favour of Viazemsky. 'Tis true, he offered a better mark than Tuberville, from his national and boasted rotundity of person; and if bravery had been measured by height and width, he had certainly the vantage ground, as he would have made two such as his antagonist. He wore a helmet and a cuirass. In his right

hand a sabre,—in the left, a dagger pointed at both ends. Tuberville, however, caused no little astonishment in the spectators, when, having divested himself of his jerkin, he presented himself armed only with a rapier. But a mosquito has sometimes the advantage over a bull. The first attack of Viazemsky was tremendous; and Sir Thomas, though conscious of his secretary's pre-eminence as a swordsman, entertained some slight misgivings as to the result. Round the arena Tuberville was driven by the impetuosity of his antagonist, maintaining a wary and defensive fight. Viazemsky had made several attempts to close with Tuberville, that he might avail himself of his double-pointed dagger. But at each attempt, he still found the ever-ready point of Master George's rapier constantly at his breast. The rapid blows of his sabre were parried with admirable coolness and skill by an arm which, though young, possessed, from the temperance and practice of Tuberville,

a strength of muscle far superior to that of the voluptuous Opritchnik. And now turned the tide of war.

Viazemsky, encumbered with his helmet and cuirass, perspiring at every pore, felt himself necessitated to abate in some degree the violence of his exertion. Tuberville, constantly availing himself of every relaxation of his antagonist, failed not to take advantage of any opening, and penetrating through the weakened guard of Viazemsky, his rapier perforated the arms and various fleshy parts of his foe. It was evidently Tuberville's intention not to pursue him to the death. With the blood flowing from numerous small wounds, the Russian's rage and desperation were unbounded. Again he exerted his remaining strength, and endeavoured to close with his antagonist, and was again punished.

The odds were now evidently against the Russian, and general indignation towards the Englishman prevailed. The Czar, who had

worked himself into a high state of excitement, spat upon the ground, venting bitter execrations against the Englisher, and made a vow, that for the future no Muscovite should accept the challenge of a foreigner.

By this time Viazemsky, exhausted by his violence, and by parrying the thrusts made upon him by his antagonist, was gradually offering less resistance. The cool courage and surpassing agility of Tuberville remained unchanged. A death-like silence prevailed. The sun poured its golden light unchequered by a cloud, when suddenly a visible darkness spread gradually over the assembly,—it increased. A panic seized upon the spectators. It was the day—the hour predicted ;—behold the eclipse !

Murmurs of ominous import began to rise in the assembly. They declared the Englishman to be a sorcerer ; that he carried a charmed weapon. Amidst loud hisses and curses, the seconds of the Muscovite removed their cham-



pion from the field. Tuberville found himself alone. He sought an egress through the crowd. All gave way before him, muttering imprecations on his head. In the palace was confusion and dismay. The Czar was overcome with fright;—his consternation and awe were inexpressible. Each moment it grew darker, and his apprehensions increasing with every deeper shade, were fully shared by his subjects. Suspicious and vindictive looks were cast upon the English party, and Sir Thomas hastened to withdraw. Collecting the servants who had escorted him to the palace,—not without some apprehension of the coming storm, he formed them into a guard for protecting his return to his hotel. George Tuberville and the bride occupied the centre, whilst he himself brought up the rear. On all sides he encountered in his progress dark and portentous looks, and half-expressed menaces. In this order they reached, in their road homeward, the place of

executions, where poor Jocko was condemned to expire, without judge or jury, under the merciless infliction of the knout.

Deserted in his utmost need, his grief was mute, for no friendly face was there to heed his sufferings. He was resigned, and quiescent as a martyr, secured to the stake, amidst the exulting acclamations of the populace and the fervent exorcisms of the priests. The iron thongs of the knout whistled in the air, when a sudden cry of horror was heard; the upraised arm of the executioner descended not. Deeper and deeper darkness spread over the face of the sun. All was confusion, horror, and dismay.

The day, accompanied by its awful phenomenon, predicted by the Englishman, had arrived, and at once that immense assemblage fled before the apprehension of evil. The panic was in proportion to the crowd. The avenues to the place seemed scarcely wide enough to drain it

of the motley groups which rushed from thence like a tide in all directions. In a very few seconds, the sole occupant of the square was our interesting, but doleful, friend Jocko.

At this pass, a group of individuals were hurrying across the area. It was Sir Thomas and his party. Perceiving a living creature at the stake, he galloped up with some of his followers to prevent the object of human suffering, which he had not the power to relieve, from encountering the sight of Grace. But her quick eye rendered useless the kind precaution, and, recognising her faithful Jocko, her shriek of alarm directed all eyes to the spot. With one accord they proceeded thither;—in an instant the monkey was released, and the party, with this addition to their company, hurried on, and reached the hotel of the embassy in safety.

We cannot say that Grace was happy, though fate had crowned her heart's best hope in her union with the ambassador. The events which

had brought about the marriage, had placed Sir Thomas in a position which rendered the proceeding rather the result of chivalrous honour, than the impulse of affection alone. She could have wished his overtures had been totally independent of any claims upon his protection. Indeed, for once her sensitive imagination ran away with her judgment, and she grieved over the supposition, that but for the insult of the Czarevitch, Sir Thomas would never have come forward as her lawful protector; and as she tortured herself with so much ingenuity, she concluded that she would rather not have been his wife upon such terms. She was strongly inclined to be a sceptic as to the sincerity of the love of Sir Thomas, who, with the delicacy and honour which belonged to his character, strictly adhered to the conditions he had proposed in winning that immediate consent which circumstances rendered so imperative. In the retirement she enjoyed, so requisite for

the composed exercise of thought, it was not long before her love, exacting as it was, discovered in his ardent but respectful devotion, all the passion that the romantic expectation of youth could desire.

The night of the wedding was not attended with those household rejoicings usual on such an occasion; for there had been a gathering of the populace ever since the eclipse had passed, and the streets surrounding the hotel were crowded with an angry and threatening mob, which nothing but the guard of honour, stationed by command of the Czar, had kept in check. The embassy were alarmed.

“He is the cause of our misery and misfortunes,” said one.

“He has put out the sun,” cried another.

“He has conjured up the ‘blazing star,’” exclaimed a third.

“He is in fellowship with the Devil,” ejaculated a fourth: “Drown him!—flay him!—burn

him!"—were the summary fashions in which they kindly wished to dispose of the poor secretary.

"They are all bewitched," said another; "it is the embassy of Satan!"

"The 'physic shop' is bedevilled, to a certainty. Hast heard that they dance with the dead?" mysteriously asked one, who had pried once into Wilmington's studio when the window was opened, and the breeze heedlessly sported with the skeleton members before alluded to. "Death to them! Death!" was echoed by the populace.

Whilst this was passing, a conference was in progress between the Czar and the metropolitan.

"'Tis dangerous to interfere with the profane heretics. Twice have I exorcised the evil one, but in vain. Methinks the evil spirit is with them all."

Ivan's embarrassment was extreme. The

whole catalogue of the abominations of the hell-favoured foreigners was recalled to mind. The prophecy of Tuberville—the account given by his late minion, the younger Basmanoff, who was brought away in a swoon, and how he related that a moving skeleton haunted the abode of the English. Then the comet, that nocturnal and constant visitor—and at the thought he turned his gaze, as the darkness approached, towards the firmament. It was there!—it was larger—it was nearer—it was brighter, and his heart sickened at the omen. Then came the vivid remembrance of the substitute for Grace Wilmington—and this was even more than witchcraft; the frenzy of his disappointment—the awful domiciliary visit of the evil one—his wonderful escape from an actual embrace from the enemy of souls, inspired him with unspeakable horror, and he vowed vengeance on the English party.

The new metropolitan, however, was not a

man to entertain any idea capable of subduing his fears. They had taken such possession of him, that nothing but the departure of the whole party could appease them, contending, as he did, that they had baffled the powers of the church, and that their malign influence was, consequently, all-powerful.

“ Beseech your majesty,” continued the trembling pastor, “ leave them to their fate; to contend with them, would be to draw down new evils upon your anointed head. Suffer them to depart forthwith, this very night—unhurt, unoffended.”

Ivan felt his purpose of vengeance shaken. The terror of the priest was infectious. At this juncture the conference was broken in upon by the sudden appearance of some of the Boyars. In a hurried manner they acquainted their sovereign that a messenger had arrived from the English embassy, requesting a reinforcement of the guard—the infatuated



mob having proceeded to acts of violence, had threatened to exterminate the ambassador and his suite.

“The Lord deliver us from such a calamity!” exclaimed the prelate, in great trepidation. “Beseech your majesty, protect them from harm, or your life may be the forfeit!” insinuated the prelate, who superstitiously trembled for his own.

The Czar at that moment was gazing at the comet; suddenly a conflagration in the heavens was seen. The fires formed themselves into shapes and figures like those of contending armies.

Ivan gave hurried orders. A reinforcement was dispatched to the guard. The Strelitz drove back and dispersed the mob. As the evening approached, and the citizens were all at rest, a train of waggons, with a numerous military escort, drew up at the gate of the ambassador’s hotel. Before break of day the goods and

chattels of the whole English party, with all Master George's astrological apparatus, and spirit-raising machinery, together with walking ghosts, and, "last, though not least," his Satanic Majesty's grave representative, Master Jocko himself, with the less consequential personages of the English embassy, were all "*en route*," and far beyond the boundaries of the holy city of Moscow.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“ Le fier de La Gardie célébrait ses victoires à Revel ; il causa une telle frayeur aux Russes que, dans toutes les églises, ils instituèrent des prières pour conjurer le ciel de les sauver de la fureur de ce terrible ennemi.”

“ Ce qu’il y a de certain c’est que Jean tremblait d’effroi :—

“ A l’époque où le tzar, pouvant disposer d’une armée de 300,000 hommes, abandonnait lâchement ses possessions occidentales à 26,000 Polonois ou Allemands épuisés et à demi-morts,” &c.—KARAMSIN.

“ Lay down my warlike banners here,  
 Never again to wave ;  
 And bury my red sword and spear,  
 Chiefs ! in my first-born’s grave !  
 And leave me ! I have conquered,  
 I have slain—my work is done !  
 Whom have I slain ?—ye answer not—  
*Thou, too, art mute, my son !*”

IVAN, THE CZAR, BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE embassy from England was not, as the Czar was perhaps induced to hope, accompanied on their return by the comet. That fear-

ful luminary had not yet reached its perihelium, and each succeeding night beheld it blaze with increased fire. Nor were the signs wanting to enforce the dangers prenoted by the learned secretary. The Tcheremissians had revolted, and the insurrection was making rapid strides. The Crim-Tartar, ever on the alert, threatened another invasion, and roused the peaceful Nogai tribes to rebellion; whilst the Siberian king, Koutchoum, fanned the flame of discontent, and ravaged with fire and sword the environs of the Kama; and such was the spirit of reprisal which animated the wild Tcheremissians, goaded as they were by the cruelties of the Russians, that it led to a war of extermination.

Ivan trembled. Tyrants are poltrons; and sheltered in the fastnesses of the slobode Alexandroffsky, he purchased with largesses the forbearance of Mehmet Ghirei.

But the Swede—the Pole—had invaded the

Russian territory, and the throne was in danger.

Maluta Skuratoff had been dispatched on a confidential mission to the monastery of Otrotch. There, in a narrow dungeon cell, the pious and aged churchman Philip, the late metropolitan, yet lived, occupied in constant prayer for the conversion of the heart of Ivan, and for the repose of Russia. The Czar had not forgotten him, and his sanguinary favourite was sent to *implore his benediction*.

The prelate read his sentence in the ominous appearance of the ready agent of his master's will, and mildly answered—

“ I have long been preparing for death ; let the will of the Czar be accomplished ! ”

It was so. Philip was found strangled in his cell. Skuratoff gave out to the monks that he had died of apoplexy.

“ The holy men, seized with horror, dug the

“ prelate’s grave behind the high altar, where,  
“ in the presence of his murderer, they depo-  
“ sited the illustrious chief of the Russian  
“ church, adorned with the glorious crown of  
“ martyrdom.”

To die for virtue’s sake, is the highest degree of virtue in a mortal. Neither ancient nor modern history exhibits an example of one more truly great. Some few years afterwards, his remains were conveyed to the monastery of Solovky, and finally deposited in the Church of the Assumption at Moscow, where to this day that sepulchre is held in veneration by all pious Russians.

Maluta Skuratoff was now ordered to the seat of war, where he died, though most undeserving of the honour, the death of a soldier, on the ramparts of Vittenstein. His blind obedience to the will of a despot seems to have been his greatest crime, as it led him on to

the perpetration of horrors beyond terrestrial punishment. The slave was as the axe in the hand of the executioner.

The Czar ordered a magnificent funeral for his *friend*, and an immense fire to be kindled, where "all the German and Swedish prisoners were burnt alive;" a holocaust worthy, from its cruelty, the manes of a mortal who had revelled in the slaughter of mankind.

Amidst all these public cares, Ivan found time to nourish suspicion and private animosity. Ever since his interview with Master Jocko, he had brooded over the ridicule which attached to that adventure; and sufficient proof had been elicited to apprise him that his own son had sought to gain possession of the English girl, and a growing aversion was harboured towards the Czarevitch; in his revengeful breast a lurking hate was engendered. The sense of his own disappointment was a check to explanations which might have exposed him

to further ridicule, and his animosity only wanted a fitting opportunity to burst forth in unrestrained fury.

Viazemsky, meanwhile, as the reward of his share in the abduction of Grace, and as a removal of the disgrace which he had been the means of bringing upon the lustre of Russian chivalry, had been seized by an order of the Czar, and under the usual pretext of treason, had been dispatched by the infliction of refined torture.

As if Heaven, wearied with the abominations of the monarch, had driven him an outcast from its merciful protection, unforeseen calamities were besetting him on every side.

“Now sirrah,” exclaimed Ivan, as he was unceremoniously intruded upon by a messenger from the enemy’s frontier—“What news from Vilna?”

“The Polish army is gaining ground. The city of Pskoff is at the last extremity.”



Ivan gazed in breathless anxiety.

“Veliki-Louki is stormed, and levelled to the ground,” stammered the messenger, reading the lowering countenance of the Czar sufficiently well to tremble for his own safety.

“Now, St. Nicholas protect us! our royal person is in danger. Dispatch another envoy to the Pole—we accede to his terms, so our safety is preserved,” continued the monarch, turning for approval to the Boyars.

“Great lord!” observed the fearless Godounoff, “thy messenger declares the enemy will hear of no truce, will receive no embassy, until the Russian army has evacuated Livonia.”

“We will implore him to suspend his march, and bid my envoys at the Polish camp submit, if need be, to pacify and conciliate the foe. We charge them to resent no humiliation. Are we not Christians? Should we not forbear?” added the royal coward.

“Ah! another messenger! whence comest

thou? thy countenance bodes evil," said the enraged yet trembling Ivan, as a Boyar hurried into the presence, and cast himself at his feet.

This fearful reception rendered the newcomer speechless; but Ivan's impatience grew with his terror. Already in his disordered imagination the enemy was at the gates of the Kremlin, and anxiety for self-preservation made him furious to ascertain the worst. In accents of rage and despair, he commanded the news-bearer to speak.

"Great Czar! the Swede with rapid strides invades the land. Lode, Fekkel, Habsal, are in his possession. Narva is stormed, and seven thousand of thy slaves have been put to the sword.

"Led on by the Frenchman, De la Gardie, the Swedes perform prodigies of valour. Ivan-gorod, Yama, Rossoric, are invested."

In that hour, when the name of Russia was in

danger of being annihilated, the only thought of the Czar was self; and he who might have advanced at the head of an army as innumerable as that of Xerxes, gave himself up for lost. In that hour he drained the cup of shame. There exists not, in the annals of the world, a record more dishonourable than the terms which were signed by the pusillanimous Czar of Russia.

But the trembling wretch possessed a bulwark to his safety in a blindly devoted people; and it was reserved for the city of Pskoff, alone and unassisted, to oppose a barrier to the advancing army.

In vain the devoted garrison entreated succours. The Czar, with an army of three hundred thousand men, could not, in his terror, spare them any reinforcement, lest it should weaken the immediate rampart around his own person. The refusal of Ivan gave glorious immortality to the fame of the brave defenders

of Pskoff, who, thus sacrificed, were the saviours of their native land.

“ Again !” exclaimed the monarch, as one of his ministers approached in haste, bearing a despatch. “ More news, and bad I ween, by that sad face. Has hell let loose every fiend upon me ?”

“ Pskoff—”

“ Hold ! I know what thou wouldst say ;— the poltrons have opened their gates to the enemy.”

“ Not so, great Czar ! but without a reinforcement, ere long the city must yield. The garrison is at the last extremity.”

“ So, the traitors would have us leave ourselves unprotected, to save their dastard lives. Away ! no more of this. What say ye, counsellors ? Shall we place ourselves at the mercy of the invaders ? Hangs not the Tartar on our rear—the Swede in front—the Pole on our flank ? To disband were to fall.”

For once the Boyars around ventured to be silent; no approving murmur sanctioned the appeal. Their indignation was mute, but evident.

Ivan cast a withering look around him. The Czarevitch was at his feet.

Even the depraved, the licentious, the profligate son of a debased sire was stung with shame. One redeeming, one generous impulse, a keen sense of his country's degradation, roused a latent spark of patriotism in the breast of the Czarevitch.

“Great and mighty Czar! — lord of all Russia! — Sire! Suffer not the prayer of thy people to go unheard. If Pskoff should fall, Muscovy is lost. Yield me but an insignificant fraction of the vast force that now surrounds thee, and I devote myself to the salvation of the heroic city, and the preservation of thy crown.”

Ivan started up. In his grasp the fearful

and weighty iron baton shook like a rod. He gasped for breath. The Czarevitch durst not look up in that terrible moment of silence and thick-gathering wrath.

Never had the Boyars beheld the eyes of the Czar lit up with such threatening fire: the dilated eye-balls emitted sparks; his livid lips quivered, and the blood forsook his cheek.

At length his surcharged breast found vent in words.

“Rebel! Parricide! Leagued with the enemies of thy country and thy Czar, to dethrone—to destroy me——”

Unutterable rage choked his further utterance. The iron club was raised in the madness of rage.

The Boyars rushed to stop its fall. Too late the interception of their bodies—self-immolation. In vain! Ivan was nerved with a giant's strength. At one tremendous blow the Czarevitch lay bleeding at his feet. Horror seized

the spectators. The fury of Ivan instantly gave place to remorse. His despair knew no bounds. He threw himself upon the body of his son, and endeavoured to staunch the blood flowing from his wound. His shrieks were frightful: his exclamations the madness of despair.

The Czarevitch felt his dissolution near. In his dying moments he gave testimony of filial reverence and love, worthy a better sire. He kissed the hand of his murderer, and with his last breath said, "*I die a dutiful son and a faithful subject.*"

And here let the reader bear with us, in that we are thus compelled to adhere to historical truth, which, in this instance as well as others, we should have been fain to pass over in silence, had it been possible.

The bolt of Him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine," had fallen upon and severed the last link of hope: affrighted, it fled for ever from

the monster's breast. The measure of his crimes seemed now filled to the brim. Heaven had stripped him, one by one, of every joy.

Life from that hour was a series of contradictions. Remorse bowed him to earth; he was pursued by hideous visions, the spectres of the slain. Rest was unknown; "he had murdered sleep." A lethargy succeeded to long watchful nights, with the phantasms of a diseased mind. He shunned the light of day, for it betrayed the lineaments of an infanticide.

The retributive justice of Providence may overtake the ordinary sinner, that on earth he may expiate and atone for his misdeeds. But those of Ivan were beyond all earthly admeasurement of requital, and fearful eternity alone seems to hold out the just balance of judgment on the unheard-of crimes of the tyrant.

The Czar, stained with the blood of his son, prostrated with grief, with haggard eye re-



mained by the body of his victim, without food or sleep, till his burial. He followed the corpse to the church, on foot, and fixed upon the spot for his remains, amongst the tombs of his ancestors. The funeral was magnificent and affecting. The fate of a prince born to a throne, who might have existed in happiness and virtue, had not his father, violating the laws of nature, plunged him first into depravity, and then into a premature grave, was universally deplored. Divested of all outward marks of royalty, habited in mourning, in the garb of a despairing sinner, Ivan uttered piercing cries, beating his head upon the earth, and against the coffin of his ill-fated son.

Death and  
burcall of  
pong Yuan.

“ Hee was buried in *Michala* Archangell church, in the *Musco*, with iewels and riches put in his tombe, valued at 50,000 pounds; watched after by twelve citizens in

course, every night, devoted to his Saint Iohn and Michael, to keepe both body and treasure till his resurrection.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

“ Il fit chercher en Russie et en Laponie, des astrologues, de prétendus magiciens, en rassembla environ soixante——

“ On assure que les astrologues lui avaient annoncé qu’il n’avait plus que quelques jours à vivre, c’est a dire, jusqu’au 18 Mars.”

“ They look not like the inhabitants o’ the earth,  
And yet are on’t.”

EVERY calamity had befallen the devoted race: plague and famine had aided the tyrant’s devastating hand. The parched earth yielded no harvest, and despair drove the wretched inhabitants to crime: the greatest horrors were perpetrated: goaded by want, “they murdered each other to devour human flesh.”

This famine spread with its concomitant pestilence. The public streets—the highways—were strewed with dead bodies; the living breathed vengeance, and threatening voices boded revolution. It roused the prostrate monarch.

The merciless ruffian—the wretch, apparently borne down with remorse—Ivan, the infanticide, was about to astound his subjects with a display of moderation.

The Boyars were convoked in full assembly, to receive the new commands of their monarch.

He advanced with slow and infirm step, but arrayed in all the splendour of his royal robes, wearing his crown, preceded by the bearers of the insignia of the throne; all the paraphernalia of his glory were displayed.

He was assisted to the regal chair, almost fainting from debility. His countenance was of an ashy hue—his leaden eye seemed sightless.

Various were the conjectures of his subjects on the object of the convocation, which had not yet transpired. In a solemn but feeble voice, Ivan broke the portentous silence.

“The hand of God is upon me—my days are numbered—they must end in the cloister-cell. No longer able to contend with the cares of empire, anxious to quit its pomps, I abdicate the throne of Russia. Boyars, make your election of a monarch worthy the charge, that I may resign to him my sceptre and my kingdoms.”

A sorry remnant of the bravest of his subjects were there, men whose noble thoughts gave credit to their fellow-creatures for virtue and truth. They trusted the words, believed in the sincerity of Ivan; they thought him now subdued by repentance, and were affected by this pious resolve, this abjuration of worldly greatness. Others there were who suspected the

hypocrite. The vile ministers to his evil passions, and ever ready instruments of his abused power, could not be deceived; they knew the man. Yet all joined in one vociferous prayer—

“Abandon us not, O Czar! We would have no other sovereign than he whom God hath anointed.”

The eyes of Ivan resumed their lustre; keen and searching was the glance of the sovereign as he sought to test their fealty; none were overlooked in that rapid survey.

At first he made a feint of resisting their entreaties, but yielding at length with much seeming reluctance, he consented to resume, at their so earnest prayer, the wearisome burthen of a crown, whilst he marked for death those who had been least urgent.

But the sceptre, the crown, all objects of outward pomp and grandeur he banished from

his sight; and from that day assumed a monastic habit. He assisted at the masses for the dead, endured penance, sent largesses to the Greek patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, to engage them to pray for "the repose of the soul of the Czarevitch."

But how did he provide for the peace of his own? Alas! the murders were incessant; the halls of the slobode soon resounded again with obscene mirth, though, we are told, that the memory of his son, in the midst of the revels, would often cause him to shed tears.

Night after night, Ivan tremblingly sought the fiery brand in the heavens. He sought it in the hope that it was no longer there; but each night it acquired a deeper glow, it had increased in size, and he turned in despair from the portentous sign.

The witches, the sorcerers, whom his emissaries had hunted from their dens and caves

on the northern confines of Muscovy, had arrived. They were sixty in number, and the mansion of his favourite Belsky was assigned to their use. There, dieted with all the exact requirements of the superstition of the day, and under a strict guard, they awaited the further commands of the monarch.

The *chaman*, or witch of the Baskhirs; the Mogul fortune-teller; the sorceress of Krasnaryarsk, with her lofty plumes; the Tungusch magician, her head surmounted by the horns of the stag, with a tambour, four feet in diameter, in one hand, and a spear in the other, presented a motley assemblage of grotesque and savage beings.

But the Chorinzienne, or Siberian witch, surpassed them all in the ferocity of her looks, and in the extravagant and barbarous costume she wore.

In each hand she held a cross, covered with scales, and surmounted by a horse's skull, from



which depended innumerable small bells. Her person was covered with a patched skin, the hair worn outwardly. From her head, on which she wore an iron helmet, surmounted by a cross, hung an infinite number of appendages representing serpents, rats, and toads, curiously imitated with parti-coloured skins.

She had been driven to Moscow with the rest, without any regard to her comforts; and, moreover, with the aversion inherent in a conquered race, against the usurper of her country's throne. She was at once incarcerated, and put on the very lowest diet the prescribed regimen of the professors of magic would admit.

It may well be imagined that the principal inducement to witchcraft in that benighted age was to obtain, in idleness, the necessaries of life, with as many of its luxuries as was practicable, and consequently, it was to be expected that the prophecies of these ladies

would be of good or evil, in proportion to their expectations of reward.

With one accord, the fair assembly awarded to the Siberian the dignity of leader of their respectable force, recognising the master-spirit of witchcraft in her decided and undaunted demeanour; for, of a verity, the termagant's eye, filled with all the subtile juices of a bilious temperament, in communion with a disordered brain, acquired for her an influence which they voluntarily conceded to her.

The Czar's recourse to witchcraft for an insight into futurity is not to be wondered at, and seems far more pardonable than the defence of that science penned by the pedant English king, James, at a later day. The presence of the divineresses awed Ivan. They boldly entered his presence as he lay upon a couch, fearfully contemplating that part of the firmament where the comet was blazing in all its majestic and awful splendour.

The monarch was supported on cushions, his countenance indicative of inward torture. His entrails were beginning to corrupt, his body to swell: all boded that life was drawing to its close.

The practised eye of the chief prophetess took an undaunted survey of that feverish and bloated countenance. She marched towards him with a measured step, leading on her fury band.

As they formed in a semicircle before the monarch, a dead silence was maintained, for king and courtiers were alike subdued. The eye of Ivan quailed before the searching gaze of the witches, which was rivetted upon him. Those evil eyes, from which the Muscovite matron carefully hid her young, lest their influence should fall upon and blight the susceptible beauty of youth.

No one presumed to interrupt the wild mysterious chaunt. Ivan had not power to move

or speak. As if chained to that position, his eye alone retained the power of action, and turned in fear from the witches to the comet from the comet to the witches. The prophetesses, conscious of their advantage in the practised spell of their fixed glances, suffered them not for an instant to be diverted from the Czar.

In a trembling voice, Ivan gave utterance to his commands.

“Ye hags! whose glances wither, whose voices grate upon the ear with fearful tidings! Creatures of evil, say your worst; what bodes yon blazing star?”

At once the whole gang struck their tambours, producing a sound deep and appalling.

Then followed a jargon of mystical words, as if another Babel had been visited with the curse of tumultuous tongues.

The Siberian sorceress, when silence was restored, gave the cabalistic word of command,

when every voice joined in the following prophecy—

Ivan the dread !  
Thy sand is sped.  
Yon threatening star  
Bodes death and war.  
On thee and thine,  
Is wrath divine ;  
For mercy pray !  
Thy end is nigh :  
The eighteenth day,  
Czar—thou must die !

This prophecy, in conjunction with the predictions of Master Tuberville, on a former occasion, was too much for the harassed mind and debilitated frame of the monarch. He fell into a death-like swoon, during which the beldames were reconducted to their quarters.

## CHAPTER XX.

“ All the kings in Christendome have not like riches and quantity of treasure.”—HORSEY'S OBSERVATIONS.

“ Sa belle-fille—s'étant approchée du malade pour lui prodiguer de tendres consolations, recula d'horreur, et s'enfuit épouvantée de sa lubricité! . . . Etait-ce là un pecheur repentant? Pensait-il au prochain et terrible jugement de Dieu ?

“ Déjà les forces du tzar diminuaient sensiblement, et le délire de la fièvre égarait ses idées. Etendu sans connaissance, il appelait a haute voix le fils qu'il avait tué ; il le voyait en imagination ; il lui parlait avec tendresse . . .”—KARAMSIN.

No record was now kept of the assassinations, inasmuch as custom had rendered them familiar ; and the Muscovite had become supine—indifferent to scenes of bloodshed and horror.

The Czar could still outrage, torture, exterminate, but he could no longer astonish his subjects; even his annalists were weary of recording the names of his victims. But none of the infernal instruments invented to tear piecemeal his slaves, could inflict a pang equal to that which lacerated his own heart—the memory of his beloved son. His spectre-like shadow in the dawn of day was with him to its close; it vanished not with the setting sun—it was there at the banquet—it held the cup of wassail to his lip—it whispered in the silence of solitude—it placed the murderer's pillow, and remained his ever wakeful guard through the night; and if exhausted nature did sometimes close his weary eyes in sleep for a few moments, it was an age of suffering condensed in that short space, when memory held its uninterrupted sway.

From his unquiet couch he would start, and

seek in change of scene a change of thought. The icy wind of Russia's winter cooled not his fevered brow.

A heavy atmosphere seemed to press upon him; an offensive smell impregnated the air; the effluvium of the charnel-house was in it; it bore an ensanguined hue.

Many were the resources tried to procure him repose. Music, to scare away thought—voices in sweet harmony; for silence was intolerable—solitude maddening. Human forms surrounded him; vacancy, where they came not, was filled up with the spectre of his son. The heavens were a fresh cause of terror to the murderer's gaze, for there the dazzling beacon of his fate blazed through the long wintry night.

At length he clothed himself in sackcloth, he took the monastic vow—but was the murderer still. The death-scroll lay beneath his



pillow; names for the morrow's slaughter, penned for the executioner.

Sometimes he endeavoured to excuse himself for the murder of his son, charging Heaven as its instigator, or cursing Providence for having given him a son, whom he was fated to slay.

Acquiring some degree of consolation from this palliation of the deed, it led him to the belief that he was the aggrieved party, and his wrath fell in consequence upon the friends and family of the late Czarevitch. His son's widow became the object of his hate.

The heart-broken relict of the prince was incarcerated for life in a convent. Our pen refuses to relate more of his crimes, for they drew to a rapid close.

We stop not to record the subsequent crimes linked with the name of Ivan the Terrible, and joyfully come to the close of a reign which, for

some wise purpose, was permitted to last so long, a curse to his subjects.

The Czar was wasting perceptibly. His limbs began to forget their functions, and he was now conveyed from place to place in a chair.

The chamber of jewels was his favourite resort. There he would feast his last and predominant passion—avarice. The untold treasure—the heaps of gold—the chests of jewels, were his joy; and as he surveyed the masses of wealth, stored in recesses, heaped in pyramids, preserved in coffers—it was a constant satisfaction to the miser's heart, to reflect that no monarch of Christendom possessed such vast stores of riches.

At break of day, the witches were consulted. At noon—at night—at all hours, messengers were dispatched to them continually, from the impatient, the ever restless Czar.

The eighteenth of March approached. The historians of the day agree with us in the precise time of the fulfilment of this prophecy.

The comet was now of fearful dimensions; it illumined the whole hemisphere, colouring the firmament with its fire.

The day, big with the fate of Ivan, had arrived. He lived, but a fearful change had come over him within the last few hours.

His person had swollen to a great size, his countenance exhibited signs of the vitiated fluids of the body, yet was he apparently unconscious of the change.

All he hoped for, all he thought of, was the falsification of the prediction of the sorcerers. Their death was predetermined; he would himself attend the auto-da-fé.

These prognosticators of evil should have foreseen that the [eighteenth was the day

of their own doom, and Godounoff was dispatched with the exulting threat to the false prophets.

## CHAPTER XXI.

“The soothsayers tell him that the heavenly planets and constellations would produce the emperour’s death by such a day.”—HORSEY’S OBSERVATIONS.

“Tout à coup il tombe et ferme les yeux pour l’éternité!

“Le Kremlin retentit bientôt de la grande nouvelle: on entendit crier le tzar n’est plus! et à l’instant le peuple poussa des cris lamentables. . . . A quoi les attribuer?”

“WE now approach,” says the annalist, “an important and solemn event! After having traced the life of Ivan, we behold in his extraordinary end a scene calculated to scare the imagination, for the tyrant died as he had lived, exterminating mankind. Contemporary traditions have not designated his last victims. Can

one believe in the immortality of the soul, and not tremble at such a death ?

“ The continual delirium of rage and fear ; remorse without repentance ; his dreadful apprehensions of death ; the tortures of shame ; an impotent fury in the reverses of war ; and to crown all, the gnawing worm of infanticide ; torments, the forerunners of hell, had exceeded the measure of human strength.”

Yet how can we account for what follows the above, by the same writer, in the same page ?

“ Christian charity reigned in all hearts : forgetting the cruelty of the Czar, the citizens prostrated themselves in the temples, offering up their supplications for his recovery ; persecuted families, widows, the orphans of innocent victims sacrificed to his fury, implored the mercy of Heaven in his behalf . . . . and he, on the brink of the grave, was, by his own command, carried into the apartment which contained his

treasures! . . . . he contemplated his precious jewels! The fifteenth of March, he showed them with much satisfaction to an Englishman named Horsey.”

We continue our statement in the words of our countryman :—

“The emperour \* \* \* \* was carried every day in his chair to his treasury. One day (*two days before the emperour his death*), the prince beckoned to me to follow, and I adventurously stood among the rest, and heard him call for his precious stones and jewels. He then held

Vassilibitch
his dis-
course of
gemmes.

discourse to the nobles about him, directing his eye and speech most to Boris Godounoff, of the nature and properties of his gemmes; of

the world-compassing loadstone (causing the wayters to make a chaine of needles therewith touched), of the corall also, and turkesse, whose beautifull colours (sayd he) layd on my arme poysoned with inflammation, you see are

turned pale, and declare my death. Reach out my staffe royal (an unicorne's horne, garnished with very faire diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones; it cost 70,000 marks sterling, bought of David Gowell, of the Fulkers of Augsburge), seeke out some spiders; caused his physician, Johannes Esloff, to scrape a circle thereof upon the table, and put within it one spider, and after another, which burst presently—others without the circle running away from it alive. It is too late—it will not preserve me. Behold these precious stones—the diamond most precious of all other; I never affected it; it restrains fury and luxury; the powder is poyson. Then he points to the rubie; this comforts the braine and memory—clarifieth congealed blood. That emerald, of the nature of the rainbow, is enemy to all uncleanenesse, \* \* \* \* \*

An Uni- corne's horne—cost 70,000 marks.
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The saphyre I greatly delight in—it preserveth and encreaseth nature and courage—rejoiceth the heart—is pleasing to all the vitale senses, sovereigne to the eyes, strengthens the muscles. Hee takes the onyx in hand, &c. All these are God’s wonderfull gifts—secrets in nature, revealed to man’s use and contemplation, as friends to grace and virtue, and enemies to vice . . . . . I faint,—carry me away till another time. In the afternoon, he peruseth over his will, and yet thinkes not to dye. His ghostly father dares not put him in mind of annointing in holy forme. Hee hath been witched in that place, and often unwitched againe.”

“ He commands the master of the apotheke, and the physicians, to prepare a bath for his solace—enquires the goodnesse of the signe—sends his favorite to his witches, to know their calculations. Hee tells them the emperour will bury or burne them all quicke for their illusions and lyes; the day is comme—he is

as heart-whole as ever he was: sir, (they answered) bee not so wrathful; you know the day is come, and you know it ends with the sun-setting. Hee hasts him to the emperour—made preparation for his bath about the third houre of the day. The emperour therein solaced himself, and made merry with pleasant songs after his use, came out about the seventh houre well refreshed, sate down upon his bed, calls

**Juan  
Vassilibitch  
his death.**

Bedman Birquine, a favorite of his, to bring the chesse-board, sets his men—his chief favorite and others, with Boris Fedorowich Godonow, being then about him. He, in his loose gowne, shirt, and linnen hose, faints, and falls backward. Great was the stirre and out-cry. One

**Supposed  
the act of  
Belskoi  
and Borris.**

sends for aquavitæ, another to the apotheke for vinegar and rose-water, with other things, and to call the physicians. Meantime he was strangled, and starke dead.

Some show of hope was made to still the out-cry.”

“ He was a goodly man of presence, well-favoured, of a high forehead and shrill voyce; a right Scythian, full of readie wit and wisdom, cruell and mercesse: his owne experience ruled state causes and affaires publike. He was sumptuously entombed in Michael Archangell Church, where his memory is still dreadfull, though guarded day and night, they which passe by or heare his name, crossing and blessing themselves from his resurrection againe.”

## CHAPTER XXI.

“ Lorsque ce tyran fut mort, on assure que son corps disparut aussitôt, et on ne le put jamais trouver.”—RELATION, &c. DE MOSCOVIE.

“ Les historiens ont eu l'impudeur d'écrire qu'il s'attacha à adoucir les mœurs de sa nation.”—HISTOIRE DE LA RUSSIE, REDUITE, &c.

“ Il paraissait encore redoutable aux courtisans qui le regardaient sans oser en croire leur propres yeux, ni publier sa mort :

“ L'histoire ne pardonne pas aux mauvais princes aussi facilement que les peuples !”—KARAMSIN.

THE Colossus was overthrown; but even the wreck inspired awe. Yet the opinions of men were mute before the judgment of God. Superstition added to their terrors, for it was said

that the body of the deceased had suddenly disappeared, and was never more heard of.

We are informed that there was a loyal show of mourning. It is recorded that his followers wept his loss; that every countenance was expressive of woe; and that the metropolitan's funeral oration proclaimed "*that the sun of Russia had set.*"

Inexplicable enigma! He who had severed every human tie; had sown dissension; had armed the destroyer of his kin; whose myrmidons violated the confidence reposed in them by his subjects, to entrap the unwary, and thus avail themselves of a pretext for plunder; who silenced the voice of complaint by death, and bade the sons of those he had sacrificed pledge him in wine at the foot of the scaffold. Yes, the slaves bewailed his loss! The widow—the orphan—the condemned, implored Heaven's mercy for Ivan!

A more enlightened people would have drag-

ged to the scaffold the impure body of a despot, who, whilst he lived, was the scourge of his race, and when he died, left his country a prey to the vengeance of the neighbouring nations he had outraged.

Some writers have advanced that he sought to refine the manners of the age; the hireling pen has been found to proclaim him learned and pious, magnanimous and brave, concluding, that the tears of his people were his best eulogium! . . . . They were the tears of slaves!

Both metaphysically and morally, the character of Ivan is inexplicable. "He was a hero of virtue in his youth," say some. "He gave indications of his sanguinary disposition in his earliest years," say others; whilst we are taught to infer that his virtuous, his exemplary first wife, alone restrained him from crime.

The only way in which we can explain this

seeming contradiction of character, is from the besotted ignorance and superstition of his subjects, who attributed to their sovereigns a right, hardly second to that of their God.

He has been compared to Caligula, to Nero, to the throned author of St. Bartholomew's massacre; but even they, fearful meteors of bygone ages, have been surpassed; Ivan stands alone—unparalleled.

It is stated that he emulated the fame of Alexander the Great—"he who could command an army of three hundred thousand men," yet trembled before the Frenchman, De la Gardie, at the head of a tithe of that force. "That he loved justice"!!!—yet established the Opritchnina. "That he forbade excesses in his subjects"—yet presided over the drunken orgies of the slobode. "That he detested adulation"—yet destroyed an elephant whose "legs are, for necessity, not flexure," and would not bend

before him. "That he loved the arts and sciences"—yet deprived an architect of sight. "That he was pious"—yet, 'neath his death-pillow, was found the scroll for the morrow's executions.

Ivan was a legislator, and framed new laws, which he was the first to break. He was accounted brave, but his renown was borrowed from the courage of his blindly devoted Voyvodes, too often sacrificed to his own cowardice.

Shall we censure or praise the blind submission of a vast nation to the yoke of a relentless despot? The answer to this query is perhaps difficult for men not born to slavery—for men who invest not mortals with the attributes of a Supreme Being.

Tyrants such as Ivan, thanks to a merciful Providence, appear but seldom. They come like blazing beacons, to warn man of those



rocks and quicksands on which, when abandoned to his own guidance, he is ever wrecked and lost.

The reader will doubtless deduce his own moral from these pages; but we will not close them without some comment—That though the life of a tyrant be calamitous to his generation, it offers a useful lesson in after ages to nations and to kings; and mankind, in their horror of evils experienced, learn to love and reverence virtue.

It may, however, be conceded, with much appearance of reason, that Ivan was made for Russia in that day, and Russia for him. His subjects, proud of a sovereign of their own race, soon forgot his enormities, and remembered only that he was the conqueror of Kazan, Astrachan, and Siberia. They ceased to weep over the memory of their slaughtered friends and families, whilst they gloried in the great-

ness of their Czar, and exulted in the humiliation of nations to which they were once tributary.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CONCLUSION.

LITTLE now remains to be told. The reader may perhaps inquire for some of those who have figured in the present story. Our task has been the life of Ivan, and such persons as were necessary to its development have been brought forward.

Katinka, the adopted child of the Basmanoffs, lost caste by her marriage with Skuratoff; and on the death of her husband, was forgotten in the vulgar crowd. Sabakin, the reputed father of the Czarina, survived not long his beloved Marfa.

Turn we now to those few friends whose fate was more intimately linked with our story,

and in whom the reader may have taken a patriotic interest:—the British ambassador, his bride, the doctor, Master George, and our adventurous acquaintance, Jocko.

Whilst the events relating to the death of Ivan took place, our friends were progressing on their homeward way, to the sea-girt land of freedom.

Much rejoiced was Master George. His sundry escapes had sharpened his relish for his native land: and firmly did he resolve that, once harboured in old England, no traveller's boast should tempt him thence again.

The Lady Randolph had overcome "the spirit's wound," which, in the base attempt of the Czarevitch, had been inflicted; whilst proudly conscious of her husband's love, the past enhanced the future; and her life, ennobled by his rank, and more than all, blessed by his sentiments towards her, held out a

cheering prospect on the journey; and the difficulties of travelling in that age and country vanished before the ardent colourings of fancy, and the romance of her young and affectionate heart.

If the Muscovite were delighted at the departure of Sir Thomas Randolph and his party, it is certain that the Englishers were overjoyed at the prospect of being soon without the boundary of his Czarine majesty's dominions. They were far on their way, in the direction of Yeroslav, before nightfall of the day of their departure from Moscow.

They then encamped, and in the tent of the ambassador, the Lady Randolph gave reception to the doctor and Tuberville. Around the social board, more happiness was evinced than of late had been their portion.

The poet was happy in many brilliant sallies, which, however, were not too adulatory of Ivan the Terrible. Their anticipated arrival in

England originated many pleasant reminiscences of friends and country, and the hilarity of the evening was heightened by many a heartfelt toast to those they loved beyond the sea.

“And now, Master Tuberville,” said Sir Thomas, “an it please thee to delight our ears with some English ditty of thine own poesy, beseech thee to invoke the Muse in our behalf, with which we do entreat the kind companionship of thy voice.”

Master George paused for a few moments, earnestly contemplating the moon, as if to bespeak her influence; and under that power, which had oft inspired so many planet-struck poets, commenced the following song, to a good old English measure:—

Adieu to the land of the slave,  
Which the rod of a tyrant has smitten:  
There's a land for the free and the brave,  
And that is the home of the Briton.

Let them glory in fetters—caress  
The scourge that is lifted to flay them :  
Let them crouch to the despot, and bless  
The sword that is brandish'd to slay them.

We have tyrants, 'tis true, but their chain  
Is ever entwined with sweet roses ;  
And O ! if they solace our pain,  
Their kindness Elysium discloses.

And the chain, the bright chain that we wear,  
Of heavenly joys is the omen ;  
For 'tis wove by the hand of the fair,  
And the lock is secured by sweet woman.

“ Accept our thanks, Master Tuberville, for thy good song. In truth, thou hast a ready fancy ; and methinks,” added Sir Thomas, “ thou art more likely to meet with thy deserts as a poet in this Augustan age of literature, in merry England, than thou didst as an astrologer in the country from which we now make our escape.

The countenance of Grace glowed with happiness. Her radiant smile communicated itself to all around. As for Jocko, he posted himself on duty at the door, to the consternation of his majesty's loyal troops who formed their escort; for his antics, his grimaces, and continued chatter, were, if possible, more shunned than ever, and a wide area was preserved between the tent of the English and the bivouac of the military; for wheresoever his volatile excellency presumed to extend his walk towards the heroes of the Kremlin, so surely did those formidable defenders of Holy Russia suddenly turn tail, with the exclamation of a late general, "sauve qui peut;" or, in plain language, "take to your heels."

After a prosperous journey, by way of Yeroslav, Vologda, and Colmagro, to St. Nicholas, the ambassador's party set sail for England, and with favourable gales soon compassed



the North Cape, “where they might see swimming upon the sea the *Sperma Cetæ* whales;” and in less than a month from the day of their embarkation they were landed at Gravesend.

Sir Thomas Randolph posted immediately to Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth was then domiciled, and obtained instant audience.

The illustrious sovereign welcomed her faithful servant with all becoming condescension, the which his long and arduous services had merited. She would on the instant hear his own account of his negotiations “with her right well-beloved cousin, Ivan Vassilivitch.”

Sir Thomas did deliver, with all truth and delicacy, the burthen of his mission: fixed and earnest was the attention of the queen. He touched upon the grievances of her subjects, whereat the sovereign waxed exceeding wroth.

“Now, by God’s blood! the Vandal hath the

best of it, seeing the coast of Muscovy is as yet but a sorry mark for the broadsides of my good ships."

Sir Thomas dwelt upon the straits to which the good Doctor Wilmington had been reduced, and with much politic caution ventured to relate the circumstance of his hasty marriage.

Fortunately for the ambassador the event was coupled with the mighty achievements of Jocko, which so delighted her royal ear, that it counterbalanced her maidenly aversion to the nuptials of her favourites; and her hearty laugh at the abduction of the monkey instead of the maid, did quite obliterate all remembrance of displeasure; in sooth, these were reprisals worthy the Russian's prank, and again her royal mirth broke forth in unrestrained laughter.

When she had somewhat recovered her

queenly composure, she did express herself much interested in the parties, and straight commanded the presence of the lady, the secretary, and, though last not least, of the renowned traveller, Jocko.

More tremblingly the lovely bride of Sir Thomas approached her majesty of England than she had the throne of the mighty autocrat of Russia. The greatness and glory of Elizabeth appealed both to the heart and understanding; these qualities invested the sovereign with claims to patriotic gratitude and admiration, and Grace bent her knee with reverence.

The maiden queen did not much relish the beauty of her subject, which, in the opinion of some, might be deemed equal, if not superior, to her own, and such conclusion did not exactly square with her notion of that which was her royal due; yet did her better judgment soon

drive forth the demon — envy, and with a gracious smile she extended her hand to receive the almost reverential salute of the Lady Randolph.

“Odds pettikins! Master Ambassador,” exclaimed the maiden sovereign, “thou hast made dispatch; for, by God’s light! thou hast not only cared for our foreign, but our home service. An’ I do not deceive myself, thou wilt soon present us with another loyal guardian of our throne.”

Poor Grace would have given worlds to have concealed her embarrassment.

“’Slife! but there is nought to be ashamed of, for one who bears the name of Randolph. Good Sir Thomas, we will ‘with thy lady to the font.’”

Nor did the magnanimous queen forget her promise; neither did she fail to requite the services of the good Doctor Wilmington, who

received the appointment of physician to her household. Master Tuberville, at a later day, was knighted; and Jocko was pensioned off on the public purse.

We conclude with the honourable testimony borne by one of his contemporaries, to the character of the worthy ambassador, than whom a better or more loyal subject lived not in her majesty's wide dominions.

Str Thomas  
Randolph.

“ He had beene employed in many seuerall embassies; thrice to the peeres in Scotland; thrice to Queene *Mary* of *Scotland*, after her returne from *France*. Seuen times to *Iames* the Sixt of Scotland; thrice to *John Basilides*, emperour of *Russia*; once to *Charles* the Ninth of *France*, and againe to *Henry* the Third. The queene rewarded this his seruice with the Chamberlain's office in the Exchequer, heretofore a place of great honour and worth, the Master-

ship of the Post-horses, and some small land. Neither could ambition, or the charge of many children, occasion any appetite in him of greater wealth,—to the true patterne of a contented minde for all high and worldly men.”

THE END.













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